

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH SONGS, HEROIC BALLADS, ETC, VOLUME 2



Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, Etc, Volume 2

David Herd, George Paton



Nabu Public Domain Reprints:

You are holding a reproduction of an original work published before 1923 that is in the public domain in the United States of America, and possibly other countries. You may freely copy and distribute this work as no entity (individual or corporate) has a copyright on the body of the work. This book may contain prior copyright references, and library stamps (as most of these works were scanned from library copies). These have been scanned and retained as part of the historical artifact.

This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were either part of the original artifact, or were introduced by the scanning process. We believe this work is culturally important, and despite the imperfections, have elected to bring it back into print as part of our continuing commitment to the preservation of printed works worldwide. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections in the preservation process, and hope you enjoy this valuable book.

ABERDEENSHIRE LIBRARY & INFO SERV	
3072923	
Bertrams	19/04/2012
821.04	£19.99



Vol. 11.



ANCIENT AND MODERN

Scottish Songs,

HEROIC BALLADS, ETC.

COLLECTED BY

David Herd,

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1776,

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE PIECES SUBSTITUTED IN THE EDITION
OF 1791 FOR OMISSIONS FROM THAT OF 1776, &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

GLASGOW.

1869.

(Large Paper Copy.)





ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH SONGS, HEROIC BALLADS, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

The garb our Muses wore in former years.

HAMILTON.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by John Wotherspoon,

FOR

JAMES DICKSON and CHARLES ELLIOT,

M D C C L X X V I.



ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH SONGS, HEROIC BALLADS, ETC.

COLLECTED FROM

MEMORY, TRADITION,

and

ANCIENT AUTHORS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the SECOND.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by John Wotherspoon,

FOR

JAMES DICKSON and CHARLES ELLIOT.

MDCCLXXVI.



FRAGMENTS

O F

SENTIMENTAL

A N D

LOVESONGS.

To its own Tune.

Or in my mind contented be,
When the bonny bonny lad that I loed best,
Is banish'd from my company.

Though he is banish'd for my sake,
I his true love will still remain;
But O that I was, and I wish I was
In the chamber where my true love is in.

I dare nae come to my true love,
I dare nae either sport or play,
For their evil evil tongues are going so gell,
That I must kis and go my way.

Kissing is but a foolish fancy,
It brings two lovers into sin;
But O that I was, and I wish I was
In the chamber where my love is in.
Vol. II. (1) A

My true love is straight and tall,

I had nae will to say him nae,

For with his salse, but sweet deluding tongue,

He stole my very heart away.

The Lowlands of Holland.

MY love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea, With seven score good mariners to bear her company; There's three score is sunk, and threescore dead at sea, And the lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main, And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame, But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout, My love then and his bonny ship turn'd wither shins about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor comb come in my hair;

There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair,

Nor will I love another one, until the day I die, For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd in the fea.

O had your tongue my daughter dear, be still and be content,

There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae fair lament; O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me, For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the fea.

LIZAE BAILLIE.

LIZAE BAILLIE'S to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister JEAN;
And there she's met wi' DUNCAN GRÆME,
And he's convoy'd her hame.

" My bonny LIZAE BAILLIE,
I'll row ye in my plaidie,
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
And be a Highland lady."

" I am fure they wad nae ca' me wise, Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir; For I can neither card nor spin, Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

" My bonny LIZAE BAILLIE, Let nane o' these things daunt ye; Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin, Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen, Made o' the gilded leather, And she's put on her highland brogues, To skip amang the heather:

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and sattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row amang the braken.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,

Nor be an English lady;

But she wad gang wi' Duncan Grame,

And row her in his plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town, When she began to weary; She aften looked back, and said, "Farewell to Castlecarry.

"The first place I saw my Duncan Grame Was near you holland bush.

My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

"But I wad nae gie my DUNCANGRÆME
For a' my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a' at my command."

Now wae be to you, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sic a bonny lass,
A Highlandman to marry.

O GIN my love were you red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa'!
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Into her bonny breast to sa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest I'd seast on beauty a' the night; Seal'd on her silk-sast salds to rest, Till slyed awa by Phœbus light. Love is the cause of my mourning.

BENEATH a green willow's fad ominous shade A simple sweet youth extended was laid; They ask'd what ail'd him, when sighing he said, O love is the cause of my mourning!

Long lov'd I a lady, fair, gentle, and gay, And thought myfelf loved for many a day; But now she is married, is married away, And love is the cause of my mourning!

And when deck'd as a bride to the kirk she did go, With bride-men and maidens, with pomp and with show, She smil'd in appearance—she smil'd, but was woe;

O love is the cause of my mourning!

And when I had feen my love taken to bed,
And when they all kifs'd the bridegroom and bride,
Heavens! thought I, and must he then ly by her side?
O love is the cause of my mourning!

Now dig me, companions, a grave dark and deep, Lay a stone at my head and a turf at my feet, And O I'll ly down, and I'll take a long sleep, Nor wake for ever and ever!

GOOD morrow, fair mistress, the beginner of strise, I took ye frae the begging, and made ye my wise; It was your fair outside that first took my ee, But this sall be the last time my sace ye sall see. Fye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame, The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name; The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee: But this is the last time my face ye sall see.

To the ground shall be razed these halls and these bowers, Desil'd by your lusts and your wanton amours:

I'll find out a lady of higher degree,

And this is the last time my face ye sall see.

FALSE luve! and hae ze played me this, In the simmer, 'mid the flowers? I fall repay ze back again, In the winter 'mid the showers.

Bot again, dear luve, and again, dear luve, Will ze not turn again?

As ze look to ither women,

Shall I to ither men.

O MY bonny, bonny MAY,
Will ye not rue upon me;
A found, found fleep I'll never get,
Until I lye ayont thee.

7

I'll gie ze four-and-twenty gude milk kye, Were a' cast in ae year, MAY; And a bonnie bull to gang them by, That blude-red is his hair, MAY.

I hae nae houses, I hae nae land, I hae nae gowd or see, Sir; I am o'er low to be your bryde, Zour lown I'll never be, Sir.

END OF PART SECOND.



PART THIRD.

C O M I C

AND

HUMOROUS SONGS.



PART THIRD.

C O M I C

A N D

HUMOROUS SONGS.

Apron Deary.

WAS early in the morning, a morning of May,
A foldier and a laffie was wauking aftray;
Close down in you meadow, you meadow brow,
I heard the lass cry, my apron now,
My apron, deary, my apron now,
My belly bears up my apron now,
But I being a young thing, was easy to woo,
Which maks me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counsel o' father or mother,
Or had I advised wi' sister or brother,
But I being a young thing, and easy to woo,
It makes me cry out, My apron now,
My apron, deary, ôc.

Your apron, deary, I must confess, Seems something the shorter, tho' naething the less;

Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true, And nae mair cry out, Your apron now.

Your apron, deary, &c.—Your belly, &c.
Then had your tongue, &c.

Auld ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD ROB MORRIS that wins in you glen, He's the king of good fallows, and wale of auld men, Has fourfcore of black sheep, and fourfcore too; Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

DOUCHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee, For his eild and my eild can never agree: They'll never agree, and that will be feen; For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride, For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride: He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too; Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

DOUCHTER.

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel, His a— slicks out like ony peet-creel, He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-eye'd too; Auld ROB MORRIS is the man I'll ne'er lue.

MITHER.

Tho' auld ROBMORRIS be an elderly man, Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan; Then, douchter, ye shoudna be so ill to shoo, For auld ROBMORRIS is the man ye maun lue.

DOUCHTER.

But auld ROBMORRIS I never will hae, His back is fo sliff, and his beard is grown gray: I had titter die than live wi' him a year; Sae mair of ROBMORRIS I never will hear.

Auld Goodman.

A T E in an evening forth I went,
A little before the fun ga'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun:
A man and his wife was faen in a strife,
I canna weel tell you how it began;
But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a filly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to fcorn;
For he did fpend and mak an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
Vol. II.

He gart the poor stand frae the door, Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winfome John,
His blinken ee, and gait sae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.
His rosie sace, and slaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pat nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he lest thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair o' thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,

To think on these blyth days I had,

When he and I together lay

In arms into a weel made bed:

But now I sigh and may be sad,

Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,

Thou salds thy seet, and sa's asseep,

And thoul't ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night fae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to mifs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day she wan.
And ay the o'erword o' the fray
Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

Auld SIR SIMON the King.

S O M E say that kissing's a sin,
But I say that winna stand:
It is a most innocent thing,
And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,

The ministers it would reprove;
But they, their elders and session,

Can do it as weel as the lave.

Its lang fince it came in fashion, I'm sure it will never be done, As lang as there's in the nation, A lad, lass, wise, or a lown.

What can I say more to commend it, Tho' I should speak all my life? Yet this will I say in the end o't, Let ev'ry man kis his ain wise.

Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,
And gie her benevolence due,
And that will a thristy wise mak her,
And sae I'll bid farewell to you.

Auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith butt and ben,
To find their mam a snishing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn, Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn, For I maun hae a young goodman Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld, Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld, And if ye with a younker wald, He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout, O mother dear! your teeth's a' out, Besides ha's blind, you hae the gout, Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump, For I hae baith a tooth and stump,

^{*} Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

And will nae langer live in dump, By wanting o' my fnishing. The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, fays P E G, that pauky flut, Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that, And they a pistol-bullet gat; She powerfully began to crack, To win herself a snishing. The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow't,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze, Which brak the auld tooth by the neez, And syne poor stumpy was at ease, But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth, Assoon as ye're past mark of mouth,

(2)

Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,

And leave aff thoughts of fnishing:

Else like this wife beyont the fire,

Your bairns against you will conspire;

Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,

A young man with your snishing.

ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she butt and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free;
But, cunning carlin that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to paund my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young And Drowi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown:
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;

Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:

And ay the clearest drinker out,

Was Androwi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis fing,
And as I in his oxter fat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a fappy kifs I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the fun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Androwi' his cutty gun.

Bagrie o't.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myself;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame sa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

JOHNNY was the lad that held the plough, But now he has got goud and gear enough; I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a groat, And shame fa', &-c.

JENNY was the lass that mucked the byre, But now she goes in her silken attire; And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat, And shame sa', &c. Yet a' this shall never danton me, Sae lang's I keep my fancy free; While I've but a penny to pay t' other pot, May the d—l take the gear and the bagrie o't.

Birks of Abergeldie.

I THOUGHT it ance a lonefome life,
A lonefome life, a lonefome life,
I thought it ance a lonefome life,
To ly fae lang my lane, jo:
But wha would not my cafe regret?
Since I am curfed wi' a mate,
What once I long'd for, now I hate;
I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
When I was full out nineteen years,
I held my head fu' high, jo;
Then I refolv'd to tak a lass,
Ne'er thought on what wad come to pass,
Nor look'd in matrimony's glass,
Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
So keen was I, fo keen was I,
I rested neither night nor day,
But wander'd up and down, jo.
To please her I took meikle care,
Ane wad hae thought I sought nae mair,

In the wide warld to my share, But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My ain sma' stock did scarce desray, Did scarce desray, did scarce desray, My ain sma' stock did scarce desray, Half of the marriage-charge, jo; For things belanging to a house, I gave till I lest ne'er a souce; O but I'm turned wond'rous douse, And siller's nae sae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewise,
Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
Did had her out for such a prize,
I thought nae labour lost, jo.
I dress'd mysel' from neck to heel,
And a' was for a gilded pill;
Now I would wish the meikle deil
Had her, and pay the cost, jo.

Her father fent a ship to sea,
A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
When it returns, quoth he to me,
I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
The servants grumble, goodwise raves,
When hungry stomach for them craves,
Now I am tauld by the auld knave,
The ship will ne'er came back, jo.

Alack-a-day, what will I do, What will I do, what will I do? Alack-a-day what will I do? The honey-month is done, jo. My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd drofs, And filler scarcely will be brass. I've nothing but a bonny lass, And she's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet she lays a' the blame on me, The blame on me, the blame on me, Says I brought her to mifery, This is a weary life, jo. I'd run to the wide warld's end, If I cou'd leave but her behind; I'm out o' hopes she'll ever mend; She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now, bachelors, be wife in time, Be wife in time, be wife in time, Tho' she's ca'd modest, fair and fine, And rich in goud and plate, jo; Yet ye'll have cause to curse hard Fate, If once she catch you in her net; Your blazing star will soon be set; Then look before you leap, jo.

Bob of Dumblane.

Assie, lend me your braw hemp heckle, And I'll lend you my ripling kame; For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle. If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane. Haste ye gang to the ground of your trunkies, Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame: Confider in time, if leading of monkies Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane. Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And tak my word and offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did not accept of the Bob of Dumblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
For I'm grown dowie wi' lying my lane;
Away then leave baith minny and dady,
And try wi' me the Bob of Dumblane.

Butter MAY.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,
Sae capornoytie, and fae bonny;
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But she was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
Tho' he were ne'er sae noble of kin.

Her bonnyness has been forseen,
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when she kirns her minny's kirn,
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame sa' that filthy sace of thine,
'Tis creesh that gars your grunzie glitter.
There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carneil,
The lass wi' the petticot dances right weel.
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum Stonny,
An ye dance ony mair we'se tell Mess JOHNY.
Sing, &c.

Blythsome Bridal.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lafs wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be langkail and porridge,
And bannocks of barley-meal,
And there will be good fawt herring,
To relish a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be SAWNEY the foutar,
And WILL wi' the meikle mou:
And there will be TAM the blutter,
With ANDREW the tinkler I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged ROBIE,
With thumbles KATIE's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked DOWBIE,
And LAWRIE the laird of the land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sowlibber PATIE,
And plucky-fac'd WATi' th' mill,
Capper-nos'd FRANCIE, and GIBBIE
That wons in the how o' the hill;
And there will be ALASTER SIBBIE,
Wha in wi' black BESSY did mool,
With snivling LILLY, and TIBBY,
The lass that stands oft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And MADGE that was buckled to STENNIE, And cost him grey breeks to his arse, Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse:
And there will be gleed GEORDY JANNERS,
And KIRSH wi' the lily-white leg,
Who gade to the south for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Monsmeg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be JUDEN MECLOURIE,
And blinkin dast BARBARA MACLEG,
Wi' slea-lugged sharney-fac'd LAWRIE,
And shangy-mou'd halucket MEG,
And there will be happer-ars'd NANSY,
And fairy-fac'd FLOWRIE by name,
Muck MADIE, and fat-hippet GRISY,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again GIBBY,
Wi' his glaiket wife JENNY BELL,
And measly-shin'd MUNGO MACAPIE,
The lad that was skipper himsel:
There lads, and lasses in pearlings,
Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and risarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowtfeet in a plate.
And there will be partens and buckies,
And whytens and spaldings enew,
Vol. II.

And fingit sheepheads, and a haggies, And scadlips to sup till ye spue. Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And fowens, and farles, and baps,
With fwats, and well-fcraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps:
And there will be mealkail and castocks,
And skink to sup till ye rive;
And roasts to roast on a brander
Of slowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangles,
And a mill of good snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then sy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For JOCK'S to be married to MAGGIE,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

The Jolly Beggar.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,

And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving

Sae late into the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,

Let the moon shine ne'er fae bright.

And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre, But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire. And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean fraw and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door, And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor. And well gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran, O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he fpake,

Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? Maiden, tell me true.

And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?

And well gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang. O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',

The d—l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three, And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice see. And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his fide, and blew baith loud and fhrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came (kipping o'er the hill.

And well gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa', And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

And well gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

And well gang nae mair, &c.

The Humble Beggar.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats, A daad of a bannock or herring-brie, Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates, Wad mak him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar, The feint a bit of pride had he, He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang, In as good order as wallets could be; A lang kail-gooly hang down by his fide, And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe, It happen'd fae that he did die; And wha do ye think was at his late-wak, But lads and lasses of a high degree?

Some were blyth, and some were sad, And some they play'd at blind Harrie; But suddenly up-started the auld carle, I redd you, good solks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat KATE that fat i' the nook, Vow kimmer and how do ye? Up he gat and ca'd her limmer, And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard, E'en fair fa' the companie; But when they were gaun to lay him i' th' yird, The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard He dunted on the kist, the boards did slie;

And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird, In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unco cald, Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he; But he was first hame to his ain ingle-side, And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

Country Lass.

A LTHO' I be but a country lass,
Yet a losty mind I bear—O,
And think mysell as good as those
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
My skin it is as soft—O,
As them that sattin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads alost—O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep?
The thing that must be done—O,
With garlands of the finest flow'rs
To shade me frae the sun—O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring—O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I set me down and sing—O.

My Paisley piggy cork'd with sage, Contains my drink but thin—O. No wines do e'er my brain enrage, Or tempt my mind to sin—O. My country curds and wooden fpoon
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a flowery bank at noon
I fet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raife
Great bags of shining gold—O,
Like them whose daughters now-a-days
Like swine are bought and sold—O;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within—O,
And for twice sifty thousand crowns
I value not a pin—O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck—O.
But for that lad to me shall sa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O.
Expecting for a bleffing still
Descending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Clout the Caldron.

H A V E you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As fcant of filler as of grace,
Difbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her cauldron.
Fa adric, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a fingle flie
For any man's refentment;
For lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yourfell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love JUPITER into a swan
Turn'd for his lovely LEDA;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man, But this fine plot you'll fail in, For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Carle came o'er the Craft.

The carl he came o'er the craft,
And his beard new shaven,
He look'd at me, as he'd been dast,
The carle trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard be new shaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me neist,

To fasten on my curchea nooked,

I wor'd awi upon my breast;

But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;

And sae may his, I winna hae him,

Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,

Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest,

Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae fault but ane;
For he has lands and dollars plenty;
But wae's me for him! skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.

Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!
What fignifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man wi' them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the sumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm sleed to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty says, I shou'd nae hae him.

Cast away Care.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no restoir;
But I will sing hey down a dee,
And cast doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,
The moir I have, the moir I fret;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have I think I'm poor:
Thus grief and care my mind oppress,
Nor wealth nor wae gives no redress;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

Is not this warld a flidd'ry ball?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall!
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
And Fortune's but a painted show.
Why shou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by these comes no relief?
Some careful saw what careless reap,
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyfelf, And care not for this warldly pelf: Whether thy 'slate be great or small, Give thanks to God whate'er befall. Sae sall thou than ay live at ease, No sudden grief shall thee displease: Then may'st thou sing, hey down a dee, When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

Cock Laird.

A COCK laird fou cadgie,
With JENNY did meet.
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his fweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, JENNY, JENNY?
Thouse be my ain lemmane,
Jo JENNY, quoth he.
If I gang alang wi' ye,

Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.

The deil's in your nicety,

JENNY, quoth he,

Mayna bannocks of bear-meal

Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling fet round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
Awa' with silk vanities,
JENNY, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are sitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O JENNY, JENNY,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will fell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit they foud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are fet free,
When we mak them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth she.

Dainty DAVIE.

TX7 HILE fops in fast Italian verse, Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse, While fangs abound and fense is scarce, These lines I have indited: But neither darts nor arrows here, VENUS nor CUPID shall appear, And yet with these fine sounds I swear, The maidens are delighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky NANSY, lucky NANSY,

Auld springs wad ding the new, But ye wad never trow me.

Nor fnaw with crimfon will I mix, To spread upon my lassie's cheeks; And fyne th' unmeaning name prefix, MIRANDA, CHLOE, or PHILLIS. I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove, My height of extafy to prove, Nor fighing—thus—prefent my love, With rofes eke and lilies. I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot My mistress and my sang to boot, And that's an unco faut I wat; But, NANSY, 'tis nae matter. Ye fee I clink my verse wi' rhyme, And ken ye, that atones the crime; VOL. II.

Forby, how fweet my numbers chyme, And slide away like water. I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend fonfy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be nae cruel.

Leez me on thy fnawy pow, Lucky NANCY, lucky NANCY, Dryest wood will eithest low, And, NANCY, sae will ye now.

Troth I have fung the fang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable N A N S Y.
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

Druken Wife o' Gallowa.

DOWN in you meadow a couple did tarrie,
The gudewife she drank naething but fack and Canary
The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
Ol gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie, And syne she drank my bonny grey marie, That carried me thro' the dubs and the lairie, O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon, And syne she drank her bonny new gown; She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely, O! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care, But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare; When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly, O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head:
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands, Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns; My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly. O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,

Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,

For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse: If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse; She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her comers I wad her allow, But when she sits down, she gets hersel su', And when she is su' she is unco camstarie. O / gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants, Has no fear of her neighbours, norminds the house wants; She rants up some sool sang, like, Up your heart, CHARLIE.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's them baith b——s and j—s,
And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O / gin, &c.

For our lang Biding here.

We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantingly ran up and down,
In rifing flocks to buy a skair:
We dastly thought to row in rowth,
But for our dassin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-sea house,
The Whillywhas will grip your gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

For the fake of Somebody.

FOR the fake of somebody,
For the fake of somebody;
I cou'd wake a winter-night
For the fake of somebody.

I am gawn to seek a wise,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three stane of woo;
Carling is thy doughter ready?
For the sake, &c.

BETTY, lassie, say't thy sell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her slyte and syne come to:
What signifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kisses come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer mak nae hay?
For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by
Tho' I try my luck wi' thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The ha'f-merk bridal-band wi' me
I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
And steal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely BETTY gives

Confent in fick a heartfome gait,

It me frae a' my care relieves,

And doubts that gart me aft look blate;

Then let us gang and get the grace;

For they that have an appetite

Should eat, and lovers should embrace;

If these be fau'ts, 'tis Nature's wyte.

For the fake, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

G I N ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kis and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twasald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the sast minutes of delyte,
When JENNY speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll, smiling, say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne srae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lyes the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your sace,
Nineteen naysays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kis:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whish't, sorbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Fint a crum of thee she fa's.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou wast wont to be,
Thou art a fool to suffer pain,
For love of ane that loves not thee;
My heart, let be sick fantasie,
Love only where thou hast good cause;
Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fint a crum of thee she sa's.

To what effect shou'd thou be thrall? Be happy in thine ain free-will,

44 SCOTS SONGS.

My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill:

And hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,

And let the filly sling her fill,

For fint a crum of thee she fa's.

Tho' she be fair, I will not seinzie,
She's of a kin wi' mony mae:
For why? they are a selon menzie
That seemeth good, and are not sae.
My heart, take neither sturt or wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mause;
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For fint a crum of thee she sa's.

Remember how that MEDEA

Wild for a fight of JASON yied;
Remember how young CRESSIDA

Left TROILUS for DIOMEDE;
Remember HELEN, as we read,

Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wa's
Then let her gae where she may speed,

For fint a crum of thee she sa's.

Because she said, I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,
But was beguil'd; gae where she will,

Beshrew the heart that first takes care;
But be thou merry, late and air,

This is the final end and clause,
And let her feed and sooly fair,

For fint a crum of thee she sa's.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,
Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,
She's sairest paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I meant her ill,
When she glaiks paughty in her braws;
Now let her snirt and syke her fill,
For fint a crum of thee she sa's.

Fee him, father, fee him.

O SAW ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
O saw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' she,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,
And his dogie rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad, and a weil-doin, quo' she,
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he, What will I do wi' him? He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa coats into my kist,
And ane of them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him;
For weel do I loe him, quo' she, weel do I loe him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

Fumbler's Rant.

COME carles a' of fumbler's ha',
And I will tell you of your fate,
Since we have married wives that's bra,
And canna pleafe them when 'tis late;
A pint we'll tak our hearts to chear;
What fau'ts we hae our wives can tell;
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.
Christ'ning of weans we are redd of,
The parish priest this he can tell;
We aw him nought but a grey groat,
The off'ring for the house we in-dwell.

Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear oursell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our nibour's auld fon and the lass,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He gripp'd her in the dark beguess,
And after that came meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It cost the carle baith corn and hay;
We're quat of that wi' little din,
Sick crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,

When we think on our neighbour ROBIE,

The way the carle does, we see,

Wi' his auld son and doughter MAGGIE;

Boots he maun hae, pistols, what not?

The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:

We are nae sae; gar fill the pot,

We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's health to JOHN MACKAY we'll drink,
To HUGHIE, ANDREW, BOB, and TAM;
We'll fit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er foon for us to gang.
Foul fa' the cock, he'as spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremost hame shall bear the mell:

I'll fet me down, lest I be fee
For fear that I should bear't mysell.
And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
The gear shall never me outride;
But we'll take a soup of the barley brie,
And drink to our ain yell fire-side.

Green grows the Rashes.

PEGGY.

M Y Jock v blyth, for what thou'st done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou hast jog'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither sees a change on me,
For my complexion dashes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the rashes.

Јоску.

My Peggy, what I've faid I'll do,
To free thee from her fcouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll inflant wed,
Since thy complexion dashes;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
'Tis safter than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jock Y, fince thy love's fo true,
Let mither fcoul, I'm eafy:
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I's near complain;
Oh! well's me on the rashes:
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their clashes.

Gaberlunzie Man.

THE pawkie auld carl came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a filly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.
Vol. II. (4) E

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black As e'er the crown of my dady's hat, 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O! quo' she, an I were as white,

As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,

I'd clead me braw and lady like,

And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; They raife a wee before the cock, And willy they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane. Up in the morn the auld wife raise, And at her leisure pat on the claise; Syne to the servant's bed she gaes, To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay, The stray was cauld, he was away, She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay!

For some of our geer will be gane.

Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,

But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;

She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest!

I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the doughter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And sast to her good wife 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wise was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' fnug in a glen, where nane cou'd fee,
The twa with kindly fport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sick a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To sollow me from town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread, And spindles and whorles for them wha need, Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

Glancing of her Apron.

In January last.

On Munanday at morn.

As through the fields I past.

To view the winter corn.

I looked me behind.

And saw come o'er the know.

And glancing in her apron.

With a bonny brent brow.

I faid, Good-morrow, fair maid,
And she right courteously
Return'd a beck, and kindly said.
Good-day, sweet Sir, to you.
I speir'd, my dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have fick company;
For I'm ganging straight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I faid to her, my dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonny mou'.

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane; For I am nane of these, I hope you some mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle womens claise:
For may be I have chosen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kis my bonny mou'.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,

I hae nae mair to fay:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play;
And chuse anither will respect
My love, and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kis her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be faid nay,
Elfe ye wad ne'er a flarted
For ought that I did fay;
For women in their modesty,
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Gypsie Laddie.*

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the sair lady.

And the came tripping down the stair, And a' her maids before her; As foon as they faw her well-far'd face, They coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile, And bring to me a plaidie; For if kith and kin and a' had fworn, I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed, And my good lord beside me; This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn, Whatever shall betide me.

• John Faw was chief or king of the gypsies in James IV.'s time. James IV. about the year 1595 issued a proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to affist John Faw in seizing and securing sugitive gypsies, and that they should lend him their prisons, stocks, setters, &c. for that purpose: charging the lieges that none of them molest, vex, unquiet, or trouble the said Faw and his company in doing their lawful business within the realm, and in their passing, remaining, or going forth of the same, under penalty: and charging all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners within our realm, at all ports and havens to receive said John and his company upon their expences for surthering them surth of the realm to parts beyond sea.

M'LAURIN'S Remarkable Cases, p. 774-

Oh! come to your bed, fays JONNY FAA,
Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come.near ye.

I'll go to bed to my Jonny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and fwear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my Jonny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at e'en, And speir'd for his fair lady, The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd, She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

Gae faddle to me the black, black fleed, Gae faddle and mak him ready; Before that I either eat or fleep, I'll gae feek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well made men, Altho' we were nae bonny; And we were a' put down but ane, For a fair young wanton lady.

Hey JENNY come down to JOCK.

JOCKY he came here to woo
On ae feast-day when we were su';
And JENNY pat on her best array,
When she heard Jocky was come that way.

JENNY she gaed up the stair, Sae privily to change her smock; And ay sae loud as her mither did rair, Hey, JENNY, come down to JOCK.

JENNY she came down the stair,
And she came bobbin and bakin ben;
Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
And a bra' new-made manco gown.

JOCKY took her be the hand,
O JENNY, can ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and he 'as left me fome land,
And bra' houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee.

A haith, quo' JENNY, I fear you mock.

Then foul fa' me gin I fcorn thee;

If ye'll be my JENNY, I'll be your JOCK.

JENNY lookit, and fyne she leugh, Ye first maun get my mither's consent. A weel, goodwise, and what say ye? Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

JENNY to her mither did fay,
O mither, fetch us fome good meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That JOCKY and I thegither may eat.

JOCKY unto JENNY did fay,
JENNY, my dear, I want nae meat;
It was nae for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, JENNY, my dear.

Then JOCKY and JENNY were led to their bed, And JOCKY he lay neift the flock; And five or fix times ere break of day, He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock.

Quo' JENNY, dear JOCK, you gie me content, I bless my mither for gieing consent: And on the next morning before the first cock, Our JENNY did cry, I dearly love JOCK.

JENNY she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow sirs! has nae JENNY got JOCK.

JEANY, where hast thou been.

JEANY, JEANY, where hast thou been?
Father and mother are seeking of thee,
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of Jocky company.
OBETTY, I've been to hear the mill clack,
Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade, I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! JEANY, JEANY, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and slee,
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, whatreck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, BETTY, ye spread your linen to bleach,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! lass, I saw ye slip down by the hedge,
And wanton WILLY was following thee.

Ay, JEANY, JEANY, ye gade to the kirk;
But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee high:
Look to your sell, if Jock prove true,
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

JENNY dang the weaver.

MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my fleep,
I flart and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your confent,
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches sow, and een sae blew,
To all the bedrals bingeing.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down, The kirk had ne'er a kend it; But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake how can she mend it!
Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk hae nae siller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my doughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth togither.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly;
And prove a wife, will gar his life,
And barrel run right sweetly.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain, JENNY was nae ill to gain, She was couthy, he was kind, And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

JENNY, I'll nae mair be nice, Gi'e me love at ony price, I winna prig for red or whyt, Love alane can gi'e delyt. Others feek they kenny what, In looks, in carriage, and a' that; Give me love for her I court:

Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingled unco fine, Common motives lang finfyne, Never can engage my love, Until my fancy first approve.

60

It is na meat, but appetite That makes our eating a delyt; Beauty is at best deceit; Fancy only kens nae cheat.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye JENNY NETTLES,
JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
Saw ye JENNY NETTLES,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairney,

JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
Singing till her bairny,

ROBIN RATTLE'S bastard;
To stee the dool, upo' the stool,

And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about, seeks ROBIN out,

To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! ROBIN RATTLE,
ROBIN RATTLE;

SCOTS SONGS.

Fy, fy! ROBIN RATTLE,
Use JENNY NETTLES kindly;
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wain, make JENNY sain,
The leel and leesome gate o't.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man JOHN OCHILTREE; Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE, Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me. And dance as thou was wont to do? Alake, alake, I wont to do! Ohon, ohon! I wont to do! Now won't-to-do's awa' frae me, Frae filly auld JOHN OCHILTREE. Honest man, JOHN OCHILTREE, Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE: Come anes out o'er the moor to me, And do what thou dow to do. Alake, alake! I dow to do! Walaways! I dow to do! To whost and hirple o'er my tree, My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do. Walaways! JOHN OCHILTREE, For many a time I tell'd to thee, Thou rade fae fast by sea and land; And wadna keep a bridle hand;

VOL. II.

Thou'd tine the beast, thysell wad die,
My silly auld John Ochillere.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life sustain.
Gae thy ways, John Ochiltere:
Hae done! it has nae sae wi'me.
I'll fet the beast in throw the land,
She'll may be sa' in a better hand;
Even sit thou there, and drink thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Kirk wad let me be.

Was anes a weel-tocher'd lass, My mither left dollars to me; But now I'm brought to a poor pass, My stepdame has gart them flee. My father is aften frae hame, And the plays the deel with his gear; She neither has lawtith nor shame, And keeps the hale house in a steer. She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld, And gars me aft fret and repine; While hungry, ha'f-naked and cauld, I see her destroy what is mine: But foon I might hope a revenge, And foon of my forrows be free, My poortith to plenty wad change, If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth RINGAN, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll tack thee, sweet MAY, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only yoursell that I want,
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your stepmother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And routh of good rucks in my yard;
Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my lasse,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,
Not thinking the offer amis,
Consented,—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kis.
And now she sits blyth singan,
And joking her drunken slepdame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwise at hame.

Tune, Last Time I came o'er the Muir.

Y E blythest lads, and lasses gay, Hear what my sang discloses: As I ae morning sleeping lay, Upon a bank of roses, Young JAMIE whisking o'er the mead, By good luck chanc'd to spy me; He took his bonnet aff his head, And sastly sat down by me.

JAMIE tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face difguis'd,
And strave away to fend him.
But fondly he still nearer press,
And by my side down lying,
His beating heart thumped sae fast,
I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
An angry passion seigning,
I aften roughly shot him by,
With words full of disdaining.
Poor JAMIE bawk'd, nae savour wins,
Went aff much discontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my sins
Ne'er haff sae sair repented.

Low down in the Broom.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny she's a scalding wise,
Hads a' the house a-steer:
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me:

Waiting on me, my love,

He's waiting on me;

For he's low down, he's in the broom,

That's waiting on me.

My aunty KATE fits at her wheel,
And fair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.

But let them, &c.

My cousin KATE was sair beguil'd Wi' JOHNY i' the glen; And ay sinsyne she cries, Beware Of salse deluding men. But let them, &c.

Gleed SANDY he came west ae night, And spier'd when I saw PATE; And ay sinsyne the neighbours round They jeer me air and late. But let them, &c.

Now JENNY she's gane down the broom, And it's to meet wi' PATE; But what they said, or what they did, 'Tis needless to repeat:

But they seem'd blyth and weel content

Sae merry mat they be;

For a constant swain has PATIE prov'd,

And nae less kind was she.

Ye ave waited on me, my love, Ye ave waited on me,

(5)

F 3

Ye are waited lang among the broom, Now I am bound to thee:

Sae let them fay, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me;
For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
Until the day I die.

Lass wi' a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a lass wi' a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang the gither,
Tho' dast or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black, or fair, it makesna whether.
I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will sade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dows, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags, And filler and gowd's a fweet complection; For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags, Have tint the art of gaining affection: Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naething can catch our modern sparks
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd-widows.

My Jo JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well, JANET,
And there ye'll see your bonny sell, my jo JANET.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,

What if I shou'd fa' in,

Syne a' my kin will say and swear,

I drown'd mysell for sin.

Had the better be the brae, JANET, JANET;

Had the better be the brae, my jo JANET.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear, JANET, JANET;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo JANET.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawking,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at een, JANET, JANET. Syne a' their faults will no be feen, my jo JANET.

Kind Sir, for your courtefie,

When ye gae to the cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pacing-horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, JANET,

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, my jo JANET.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,

Employs ast my hand, Sir.

Mak the best o't that ye can, JANET, JANET;

But like it never wale a man, my jo JANET.

My Daddy forbade, my Minny forbade.

WHEN I think on my lad, I figh and am fad,
For now he is far frae me.

My daddy was harsh, my minny was warse,
That gart him gae yont the sea,
Without an estate, that made him look blate;
And yet a brave lad is he.

Gin safe he come hame, in spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speirs nae advice of parents o'er wise,

That have but ae bairn like me,

That looks upon cash, as naething but trash,

That shackles what shou'd be free.

And though my dear lad not ae penny had, Since qualities better has he; Abeit I'm an heirefs, I think it but fair is, To love him, fince he loves me.

Then, my dear JAMIE, to thy kind JEANIE,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth sight of thee.
Though my daddy forbade, and my minny forbade,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone my savour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve, or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart that can never defert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see;
Then I with pleasure will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

The Maltman.

THE maltman comes on Munanday,
He craves wonderous fair,
Cries, dame, come gi'e me my filler,
Or malt ye'll ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him fome good cock-broo,

SCOTS SONGS.

Syne paid him upon a gantree, As hostler wives should do.

70

When maltmen come for filler,
And gaugers wi' wands o'er foon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is fcanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The fnackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears fcores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

The Miller.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purfe
For dinner and for supper;
And gin she please, a good sat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When JAMIE first did woo me,
I speir'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standin in the byre;
Whilst lazy pouss with mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

Good figns are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt she does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blows o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane
Before a rousing sire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er sou nappy:
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy?

MAGGY LAUDER.

Wi'bonny MAGGIE LAUDER?

A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;

Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker,

Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
My name is MAGGIE LAUDER.

MAGGIE, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to fee thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup as they were dast,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth M E G, hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If you be R O B, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of R O B the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right goodwill,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
M E G up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.

Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she, Weel bob'd, quoth R o B the Ranter, 'Tis worth my while to play indeed, When I hae sick a dancer.

Weel hae ye play'd your part, quoth M EG,
Your cheeks are like the crimfon;
There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
Since we lost HABBY SIMPSON.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin you should come to Enster fair,
Speir ye for MAGGIE LAUDER.

Muirland WILLIE.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland WILLIE came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
MAGGY I'se hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yade as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.
Vol. II. G

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within, I'm come your doughter's love to win, I carena for making meikle din; What answer gi' ye me? Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down, I'll gie ye my doughter's love to win, With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down, Where do ye won, or in what town? I think my doughter winna gloom, On fick a lad as ye. The wooer he stepped up the house, And wow but he was wondrous crouse, With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a pleugh, Twa gude ga'en yades, and gear enough, The place they ca' it Cadeneugh; I fcorn to tell a lie: Besides, I hae frae the great laird, A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard, With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown, She was the brawest in a' the town; I wat on him she did na gloom. But blinket bonnilie. The lover he stended up in haste, And gript her hard about the waste. With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here, I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;

And for mysell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan you like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,

He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',

With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her daddy she lest it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she'as lest it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But sick's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three foums of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far fra hame, mak haste, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass, Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass; But sicken a day there never was, Sick mirth was never seen. This winfome couple straked hands, Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands, With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
They glanced in our ladfes' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and fick din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

MAGGIE'S Tocher.

THE meal was dear short syne,
We buckled us a' the gither;
And MAGGIE was in her prime,
When WILLIE made courtship till her.
Twa pistols charg'd beguess,
To gi'e the courting-shot;
And syne came ben the lass,
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.

He first speir'd at the guidman, And syne at GILES the mither, An ye wad gie's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,

I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fay,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The lass bound in her snood,
And Crummie wha kens her staik
Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
Was lest me by my mither,
They're jet-black o'er wi' sleas,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin you'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun the gither,
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her sother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We'ave nouther pat nor pan,
But sour bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough, For that you needna fear, Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
And ye yoursell maun steer:
Ye sall hae twa good pocks
That ance were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to ha'd the grots,
The ither to ha'd the meal:
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that sall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may ha'd your tocher.

Confider well, guidman,
We hae but barrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
The saddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but barrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots;
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me fae plain,
I married whan little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But fin that things are fae,
The bride she maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be, Fy cry on GILES the mither; Content am I, quo' she, E'en gar the hissie come hither.

The bride she gade to her bed,

The bridegroom he cam till her;

The fidler crap in at the fit,

And they cuddle'd it a' the gither.

Scornfu' NANSY.

NANSAY'S to the Green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And WILLIE he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd fay or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay whan he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird, ('Tis daffin to be vaunty), He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha'-house, and a pantry;
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
And ay until the day he died
He raide on shanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your fnout,
Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?
Wad ye compare yourfell to me,
A docken to a tanfy?
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him fouple SANDY,
And weel I wat his bonny mou'
Is fweet like fugarcandy.

Wow, NANSY, what needs a' this din?

Do I not ken this SANDY?

I'm fure the chief of a' his kin

Was RAB the beggar randy;

His minny MEG upo' her back

Bare baith him and his billy;

Will ye compare a nasty pack

To me your winsome WILLIE?

My gutcher left a good braid fword,
Tho' it be auld and rufty,
Yet ye may tack it on my word,
It is baith flout and trufty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

I ken he's but a coward thief;
Your titty BESS can tell him,
How with her rock she beat his beef,
And swore that she would fell him.
Then he lay blirting, like a sheep,
And faid he was a fau'ter;
Syne unto her did chirm and cheep,
And asked pardon at her.

Then, bonny NANSY, turn to me,
And fo prevent all evil;
Let thy proud speeches now a'be,
And prove somewhat mair civil;
Bid souple SANDY get him gone,
And court his auld coal MAGGIE,
Wi' a' his duds outo'er his drone,
And nought about his cragie.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
And faid, Did SANDY hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he disna sear ye:
Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's SANDY's to the fore,
Ye never shall get NANSY.

Slighted NANSY.

'T IS I have fev'n braw new gowns,
And ither fev'n better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
(6)

Besides I hae seven milk-ky, And SANDY he has but three; And yet for a' my good ky The laddie winna hae me.

My daddy's a delver o' dykes,

My mither can card and fpin,

And I'm a fine fudgel lass,

And the filler comes linkin in;

The filler comes linkin in,

And it's fu' fair to see,

And fifty times wow, O wow!

What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our bawty does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will l'ght and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne sar ben the house I rin,
And a weary wight am 1.

When I was at my first prayers,
I pray'd but ance in the year;
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neist prayers,
I pray'd but now and than;
I fash'd na' my head about gear,
If I gat but a handsome young man.

But now when I'm at my last prayers,

I pray on baith night and day,

And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that fame beggar I'd gae.
And O! what will come o' me!
And O! and what'll I do?
That fick a braw lassie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Norland JOCKY.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY, that was right bonny, Had for a fuiter a Norland Johny:
But he was sicken a bashful wooer,
That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her;
Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the muir and marry.

SHE.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie, Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gawdy; And albeit I have neither gowd nor money, Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye lasses o' the fouth, ye're a' for dressing; Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing; My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady, Should I marry ane as dink as a lady; For I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the morning, Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,

84 SCOTS SONGS.

Toolie wi' her nei'bours, and learn at my minny.

A Norland JOCKY maun hae a Norland JENNY.

SHE.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand pound, Shall never be beslow'd on sic a silly clown:

For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.

Gae hame, ye Norland J o c κ, and court your Norland J E N N Y.

O'er the Muir to MAGGIE.

AND I'll o'er the muir to MAGGIE,
Her wit and fweetness call me,
Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befal me.
If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing;
Or like the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in PINDUS' spring,
And invocate APOLLO.

If the admire a martial mind,
I'll theath my limbs in armour;
If to the fofter dance inclin'd,
With gayest airs I'll charm her;
If the love grandeur, day and night,
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's fight,
And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with eafe, Where wit is corresponding; And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding.
My bonny MAGGIE's love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that slame shall burn,
Which in my bosom bleezes.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with JENNY fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But JOCKY now is fu' of care,
Since JENNY staw his heart away:
Altho' she promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor JOCKY aften rue,
That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.

And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's d'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now JOCKY was a bonny lad As e'er was born in Scotland fair; But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood, Since JENNY has gart him despair. Young JOCKY was a piper's son, And sell in love when he was young, But a' the springs that he cou'd play Was, O'er the hills and sar away.

And it's der the hills, &c.
Vol. II. H

He fung,——When first my J E N N Y's face I saw, she seem'd sae su' of grace, With meikle joy my heart was fill'd, That's now, alas! with forrow kill'd. Oh! was she but as true as fair, 'Twad put an end to my despair. Instead of that, she is unkind, And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She coud'na chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:
But, oh! she is as sause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
And she triumphs in proud distain,
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love, With ane that does so faithless prove! Hard was my fate, to court a maid, That has my constant heart betray'd! A thousand times to me she sware, She wad be true for evermair; But to my grief, alake! I say, She staw my heart, and ran away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take, I maun gae wander for her fake, And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove, I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love. Since the is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more:
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

The Runaway Bride.

A LADIE and a lassie

Dwelt in the South countrie,

And they hae cassen their claiths thegither,

And married they wad be:

The bridal-day was set,

On Tiseday for to be;

Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,

For she has ta'en the gie.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
Whan she began to consider,
The angering of her father dear,
The displeasing o' her mither;
The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
The weel wars o' the three;
Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
Ran after her wi' speed,
And ay they ran until they came
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelso town,
They gart the clap gae thro',

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue;
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
Was married on Tiseday 'teen?

Now wally fu' fa' the filly bridegroom,
He was as faft as butter;
For had she play'd the like to me,
I had nae sae easily quit her;
I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,
And set my fancy free,
And syne play'd up the runaway bride,
And lutten her tak the gie.

The Country Wedding.

ROB'S JOCK came to wooe our JENNIE
On ae feast-day when he was fow;
She busked her and made her bonnie
When she heard JOCK was come to wooe:
She burnish'd her baith breast and brow,
Made her as clear as ony clock.
Then spake our dame, and said, I trow
You're come to wooe our JENNIE, JOCK!

Ay, dame, fays he, for that I yern
To lout my head, and fit down by you:
Then spake our dame, and said, My bairn
Has tocher of her awn to gi' you.
Tee hee, quoth Jennie, keik, I see you;
Minnie, this man makes but a mock.
Why say ye sae? now leese me o' you,
I come to woo your Jennie, quoth Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awn, Although her friends do nane her lend,

A stirk, a staig, an acre sawn, A goose, a gryce, a clocking hen, Twa kits, a cogue, a kirn there ben,

A keam, but and a keaming-stock,

Of dishes and ladles nine or ten.

Come ye to wooe our JENNIE, JOCK?

A trough, a trencher, and a tap, A taings, a tullie, and a tub,

A fey-dish and a milking-cap,
A greap into a grupe to grub,
A shode-shool of a holin club,

A froath-stick, can, a creel, a knock, A braik for hemp, that she may rub, If ye will marry our JENNIE, JOCK.

A furm, a firlot, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, a gay elwand,

A sheet, a happer, and a sack,
A girdle, and a good wheel-band.

Syne Jock took Jennie by the hand,

And cry'd a banquet, and flew a cock;
They held the bridal upon land,
That was between our JENNIE and JOCK.

The bride upon her wedding went
Barefoot upon a hemlock hill;
The bride's garter was o' bent,
And she was born at Kelly-mill.
The first propine he hecht her till,
He hecht to hit her head a knock,
She baked and she held her still;
And this gate gat our JENNIE, JOCK.

When the was wedded in his name,
And unto him the was made fpouse,
They hasted them soon hame again,
To denner to the bridal-house.
JENNIE sat jouking like a mouse,
But JOCK was kneef as ony cock;
Says he to her, Had up your brows,
And sa' to your meat, my JENNIE, quoth JOCK.

What meat shall we set them beforn,

To J o c κ service loud can they cry,
Serve them with sowce and sodden corn,

Till a' their wyms do stand awry:
Of swine's slesh there was great plenty,
Whilk was a very pleasant meat;

And garlick was a sauce right dainty
To ony man that pleas'd to eat.

They had fix lavrocks fat and laden,
With lang-kail, mutton, beef, and brofe,
A wyme of paunches tough like plaiden,
With good May butter, milk, and cheefe.
JENNIE fat up even at the meace,
And a' her friends fat her befide;
They were a' ferv'd with shrewd service,
And sae was seen upon the bride.

Out at the back-door fast she slade,
And loos'd a buckle wi' some bends,
She cackied Jock for a' his pride,
And jawed out at baith the ends;
So stoutly her mother her defends,
And says, My bairn's loose in the dock,
It comes o' cauld, to make it kend;
Think nae ill o' your Jennie, Jock.

Now dame, fays he, your daughter I've married,
Altho' you hold it never fo teugh;
And friends shall see she's nae miscarried,
For I wat I have gear enough:
An auld ga'd glyde sell owre the heugh,
A cat, a cunnin, and a cock;
I wanted eight ousen, though I had the pleugh:
May this not serve your Jennie, quoth Jock?

I have good fire for winter-weather,
A cod o' caff wou'd fill a cradle,
A halter, and a good hay-tether,
A duck about the doors to paddle;
The pannel of a good auld faddle,
And Rob my emme hecht me a fock,
Twa lovely lips to lick a laddle;
Gif Jennie and I agree, quoth Jock.

A treen-spit, a ram-horn spoon,
A pair o' boots o' barked leather,
All graith that's meet to coble shoon,
A thraw-crook for to twine a tether;
A sword, a sweel, a swine's bladder,
A trump o' steel, a feather'd lock,
An auld scull-hat for winter-weather,
And meikle mair, my Jennee, quoth Jock

I have a cat to catch a mouse,

A girse-green cloak, but it will stenzie;

A pitch-fork to desend the house,

A pair of branks, a bridle renzie;

Of a' our store we need not plenzie,

Ten thousand stechs intil a pock;

And is not this a wakerise menzie,

To gae to bed wi' Jennie and Jock?

Now when their dinner they had done,

Then Jock himsell began t'advance;

He bad the piper play up soon,

For, be his troth, he wou'd gae dance.

The piper piped till's wyme gripped,

And a' the rout began to revel:

The bride about the ring she skipped,

Till out starts baith the carle and cavel.

Weel danc'd, DICKIE, stand aside, SANDIE;
Weel danc'd EPPIE and JENNIE!
He that tynes a stot o' the spring,
Shall pay the piper a pennie.
Weel danc'd, HUGHFISHER;
Come, take out the bride and kiss her;
Weel danc'd, BESSIE and STE'EN!
Now sick a dance was never seen
Since Christ's Kirk on the green.

Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
But louten her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o't;
She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
She choaked she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore of years, And never did try the spinning o't; But how I was farked foul fa' them that speirs,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't;
The women now a-days are turned sae bra',
That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,
But the warld was better whan seint ane ava,
But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't;
I might well have ended as I had begun,
And never had try'd the spinning o't:
But they say she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird;
I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,
How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,
Whan you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
Whan I think on the beginning o't;
I thought ance in a day to 'ave made a wab,
And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;
But had I nine doughters, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run
The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,
Let them seek out a loun place at the heat o' the sun,
Syne venture on the beginning o't:
For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,
To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,
And as little I've done wi' the spinning o't.

Same Tune.

I H A E a green purse and a wee pickle gowd, A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
It sattens my flocks, and my barns it has stowed;
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my sight,
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My CHIRSTV is charming, and good as she's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchanting sweet;
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou sairest and dearest delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd
For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Chirsty, my shepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
Then hear me, and chear me with smiling consent,
Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say Content,
I'm pleas'd with my JAMIE, and he shall be mine.

To the Tune of Saw ye nae my PEGGY.

COME, let's hae mair wine in, BACCHUS hates repining, VENUS loes nae dwining, Let's be blyth and free. Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir, Your mistress, Robie, gi'es her, We'll drink her health wi' pleasure, Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bareheaded saw her,
Kiltit to the knee.

PEGGY a dainty lafs is;
Come, let's join our glaffes,
And refresh our haases,
With a health to thee.
Let cooss their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking
Gie our cares the lie.

Spinning Wheel.

As I fat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near, And still mair lovely did appear; And round about my slender waist He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:

> To kifs my hand fyne down did kneel, As I fat at my fpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol, And prais'd my fingers lang and small, And said, there was nae lady fair That ever cou'd with me compare.

> These words into my heart did seal, But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I feemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Untill my heart was wounded fair:

That I my love cou'd fcarce conceal, Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my spinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead:
My yielding heart strange slames did seel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid, And whifper'd, Rife, my bonny maid, And with me to yon haycock go, I'll teach thee better wark to do.

In trouth, I loo'd the motion weel, And loot alane my fpinning-wheel. Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What lassie, young and sast as I,
Cou'd sick a handsome lad deny?
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpast the spinning-wheel.

Steer her up and had her gawin.

O STEER her up, and had her gawin,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away;
Let's our forrows drown in drinking,
'Tis dassin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,

How invitingly it looks;

Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,

Pox on sighing, trade, and books.

Let's hae mair pleasure while we're able,

Bring us in the meikle bowl,

Place't on the middle of the table,

And let the wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou' as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far then gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
BACCHUS will begin to prove,
VOL. II. (7) I

Spite of V E N U s and her mumpers, Drinking better is than love.

Sleepy Body.

SOmnolente, quæso, repente Vigila, vivat, me tange. Somnolente, quæso, repente Vigila, vive, me tange. Cum me ambiehas, Videri solebas Amoris negotiis aptus; At factus moritus, In lecto fopitus Somno es, haud amore, tu captus. O fleepy body, And drowfy body, O wiltuna waken and turn thee? To drivel and draunt, While I figh and gaunt, Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
Thou turns sleepy and blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me,
Wae light on thy sace,
Thy drowsy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

KEEP ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm, Igo and ago,

If he's a wife man, I mistak him, Iram coram dago. Keep ye weel frae SANDIE DON, Igo and ago. He's ten times daster than Sir JOHN, Iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk, To gae to London's but a walk: I hae been at Amsterdam, Where I saw mony a braw madam.

To fee the wonders of the deep, Wad gar a man baith wail and weep; To fee the Leviathans skip, And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town?

Did ye fee Clark DISHINGTOUN?

His wig was like a drouket hen,

And the tail o't hang doun,

like a meikle maan lang draket gray goofe-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd, He has a glass in his best chamber; But forth he stept unto the door, For he took pills the night before.

There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest M A Y, let love incline thee, T' accept a heart which he designs thee; And, as your constant slave regard it, Syne for its faithfulness reward it. 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money, But yields to what is sweet and bonny; Receive it then with a kiss and a smily, There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are! Thy bosom white and legs sae sine are, That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em, They carry away my heart between 'em. I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin, O gin I had thee on a mountain, Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee, There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi' ye my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but dassin,
To had thy wooer up ay niss-nassin.
That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Tarry Woo.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to fpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and fpun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, drest and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That seed upon the mountains sleep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
Hart and hynd and fallow deer,
No be ha'f so useful are;
Frae kings to him that ha'ds the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty sou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life, Far frae courts and free of strife, While the gimmers bleat and bae, And the lambkins answer mae? No such music to his ear, Of thief or fox he has no fear; Sturdy kent and colly too, Well desend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none; Not even a monarch on his throne, Tho' he the royal scepter sways, Has not sweeter holydays. Who'd be a king, can ony tell, When a shepherd sings sae well; Sings sae well, and pays his due, With honest heart and tarry woo? Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on ilka hill, And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill: Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She faid to me right hashily, Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life, And tak your auld cloak about ye.

O BELL, why dost thou flyte and fcorn? Thou kenst my cloak is very thin: It is so bare and overworne, A cricke he thereon cannot rin: Then I'll noe longer borrow nor lend, For ance I'll new apparel'd be, To-morrow I'll to town and spend, For I'll have a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow, And the is come of a good kine; Aft has she wet the bairns' mou, And I am laith that she should tyne; Get up, goodman, it is fou time, The fun shines in the lift fae hie; Sloth never made a gracious end, Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak, When it was fitting for my wear; But now its fcantly worth a groat, For I have worn't this thirty year;

Let's spend the gear that we have won, We little ken the day we'll die; Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King ROBERT rang,
His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain lough,

Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;

I think the warld is a' run wrang,

When ilka wife her man wad rule;

Do ye not fee R o B, J o c K and H A B,

As they are girded gallantly,

While I fit hurklen in the afe?

I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now, they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife she lo'es na strife; But she wad guide me if she can, And to maintain an easy life,

I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

TIBBY FOWLER of the Glen.

TIBBY has a store of charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms;
How strangely can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lads who look but at her!
Frae her ancle to her slender waist,
These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her rosy cheek and rising breast
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt su' of water.

NELLY's gawfy, faft, and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that sees her, cryes, Ah, hey!
She's bonny! Oh! I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths besides mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore, My wison wi' the maiden shore, Gin I can tell whilk I am for, When these twa stars appear the gither; O Love! why didft thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our spacious sauls' immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither.

TIBBY's shape and airs are fine,
And NELLY's beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect, plano, and fruition.

This is no mine ain house.

THIS is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,

I gang where love invites me;

The strictest duty this allows,

When love with honour meets me.

When HYMEN moulds me into ane,

My ROBIE's nearer than my kin, And to refuse him were a sin, Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,

True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,

And let my man command ay;

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,

The common pest of married life,

That makes ane wearied of his wise,

And breaks the kindly band ay.

Todlen hame.

WHAN I've a faxpence under my thum,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and fend her good fale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her typpony chance to be fma',
We'll tak a good fcour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to fleep, And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet; And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry: What think you of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlen butt and todlen ben,

Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou';
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

What's that to you?

MY JEANY and I have toil'd
The live-lang fummer-day,
Till we amaist were spoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow;
I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you?

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
As tight as ony filk:
O sick a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet sweet was her mou;
Oh! JEANY daintily can kiss,
But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine

To make my J E A N Y sair,

There is no bennison like mine,

I have amaist nae care;

Only I sear my J E A N Y's sace

May cause mae men to rue,

And that may gar me say, Alas!

But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that fweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I, with saithful heart, shall swear
For ever to be true.

King SOLOMON had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a blifs mair true;
His joys were fhort of mine:
And JEANY's happier than they,
She feldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what's that to you?

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

THERE was ance a May, and she loe'd na men, She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day! Come down the green gate, and come here away.

But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young JOHNY came o'er the sea, He said he saw naething sae lovely as me; He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things; And were na my heart light I wad die. He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that leed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

She rais'd, &c.

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree, Said, What had he to do with the like of me! Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny: And were na my heart light I wad die. Albeit I was bonny, &c.

They faid I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee, She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee; And then she ran in and made a loud din, Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

K

And then she, &c.

Vol. II.

His bonnet stood ay su' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upo' the corn-bing.

But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
And were na my heart light I wad die.

The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on you green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.

And linking, &c.

Where will our Goodman ly?

HE.

WHERE wad bonnie Annie ly?

Alane nae mair ye maun ly;

Wad ye a goodman try?

Is that the thing ye're lacking!

SHE.

Can a lass fae young as I, Venture on the bridal-tye, Syne down with a goodman ly? I'm flee'd he keep me wauking. HE.

Never judge until ye try, Mak me your goodman, I Shanna hinder you to ly, And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my bosom thou shalt ly, When thou wakrife art, or dry, Healthy cordial standing by, Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply, Join us, priest, and let me try, How I'll wi' a goodman ly, Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

Widow, are ye waking?

O W H A's that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow, are ye waking?"
Auld carl, your fuit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight, Sweet like an April meadow; 'Tis fick as he can bless the sight, And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?

"I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,

"And come of a right gentle kin;

"I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What fignifies how pawky,

Or gentle-born ye be,—bot youth,

In love ye're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
"That powerfully plead clinkan;
"And if they sail, my mouth I'll steek,
"And nae mair love will think on."
These court indeed, I maun confess,
I think they mak you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape and the widow can sew,
And mony bra things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiss her and clap her you manna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair The war of the wearing, and has a good skair Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair, And has a rich jointure, my laddie?

What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesse dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay savours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unsit for the widow, my laddie.

WILLIE was a wanton Wag.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa':
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but WILLIE he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag, His heart was frank without a flaw;

(8)

K 3

And ay whatever WILLIE faid,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not WILLIE well worth gowd?

He wan the love of great and fma';

For after he the bride had kifs'd,

He kifs'd the laffes hale-fale a'.

Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,

When be the hand he led them a',

And fmack on fmack on them bestow'd,

By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae WILLIE a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been.
Quoth WILLIE, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maiden in,
For WILLIE he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, WILLIE, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted WILLIE's wanton sling.
Then straight he to the bride did sare,
Says, Well's me on your bonny sace;
Wi' bobbing WILLIE's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, the fays, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like WILLIE, ye advance:
O! WILLIE has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae sick dancing here,
If we want WILLIE's wanton sling.

Woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.
The Bride came out of the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets,
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our bra' basin'd yade,

Will carry ye hame your corn, What wad ye be at, ye jad? Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d---l needs a' this pride;
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linfy-woolfy,
And ne'er a fark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo WILLIE,
Tho' we be fcant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll fmore a' the fleas:
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths enew.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie;
Poor WILLIE had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wise;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise never tak ane i' my life.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister, As she came in frae the byre; O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Wat ye wha I met Yestreen?

OW wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the street, my jo? My mistress in her tartan screen, Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night, That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O KATY, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day Bends up his morning-draught of dew, We'll gae to some burn-side and play, And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow:

We'll pou the daisies on the green, The lucken gowans frae the bog; Between hands now and then we'll lean, And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleafant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, foft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the fun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kis, and kis and love.

KATY'S Answer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave to look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer, Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher; Then, SANDY, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor KATE, Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

We'll a' to Kelso go.

AN I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-side,
And see my deary come throw,
And he sall be mine, gif sae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair, I'll make it my care, To fecure myfelf in a jo; I'm no fick a fool to let my blood cool, And fyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad, will eithly persuade,
Though blushing, I dastly say, no;
Gae on with your strain, and doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man, do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well, do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious, and gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow:
Tis not to be thought we got them for nought,
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes, come, kilt up ye'r coats, And let us to Edinburgh go, Where she that's bonny may catch a JOHNY, And never lead apes below.

Wayward Wife.

ALAS! my fon, you little know,
The forrows that from wedlock flow.
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you've gotten a wise to please:
Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet,
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wise obtain you yet.

The black cow on your foot ne'er trod, Which gars you fing alang the road, Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, fometimes the reel, Or fome piece of the spinning wheel, She will drive at ye wi' good will, And then she'll fend ye to the deil.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free, I valu'd not the proudest she;
Like you I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign;
But bide you yet, &c.

Great HERCULES and SAMSON too, Were stronger men than I or you; Yet they were baffled by their dears, And felt the distaff and the sheers; Sae bide you yet, &c. Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

We're gayly yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,

And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet;

Then fit ye a while, and tipple a bit,

For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad and they ca'd him DICKY,

He gae me a kiss, and I bit his lippy;

Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick;

And we're no very fou', but we're gayly yet.

And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three lasses, and they them had,
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young,
Then up wi't AILLIE, AILLIE,
Up wi't, AILLIE, now,
Then up wi't, AILLIE, quo' cummer,
We's a' get roaring fou.

And one was kis'd in the barn,
Another was kis'd on the green,
The third behind the pease stack,
Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wit, &c.
Vol. II.

Now, fy, JOHN THOMSON, rin, Gin ever ye ran in your life; De'il get you, but hey, my dear JACK, There's a man got a-bed with your wife. Then up wit, &c.

Then away JOHN THOMSON ran, And I trow he ran with speed; But before he had run his length, The salse loon had done the deed. Were gayly yet, &c.

Up and war them a', WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
And to the Weaponshaw, WILLIE,
With true design to stand our ground,
And chace our saes awa', WILLIE;
Lairds and Lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were pra', WILLIE,
Up and war 'em a', WILLIE,
War, 'em, war 'em a', WILLIE.

And when our army was drawn up,

The brawest e'er I saw, WILLIE,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,

And win the day and a', WILLIE.
Pipers play'd frae right to lest,

Fy, sourugh Whigs awa', WILLIE,

Up and war, &c.

But when our flandard was fet up, So fierce the wind did bla', WILLIE, The golden knop down from the top, Unto the ground did fa', WILLIE. Then fecond-fighted SANDY faid, We'll do nae good at a', WILLIE. Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', WILLIE;
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca, WILLIE,
And there the greatest flaughter made
That e'er poor TONALD faw, WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

First when they faw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', WILLIE:
And yet ane syl'd his breiks for sear,
And so did rin awa', WILLIE.
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and soot, and a', WILLIE,
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order faw, WILLIE,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, WILLIE.
Thus we taught him the better gate
To get a better fa', WILLIE.

Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,

And bravely up did draw, WILLIE:
But gin ye spear wha wan the day,

I'll tell you what I saw, WILLIE:

We baith did fight, and baith were beat, And baith did rin awa', WILLIE. So there's my canty Highland fang About the thing I faw, WILLIE.

Up in the Air.

Now the fun's gane out of fight,
Beet the ingle, and fnuff the light.
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France.
Up in the air, on my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and fna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon is carousing aboon,
D' ye see, d' ye see him yet?

The man, &c.

Tak your glass to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puss the lover's fire:
Up in the air, it drives awa' care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, had out the frost; Come, WILLIE, gie's about ye'r toast; Till't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there, dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae, Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae; And ay she milked, and ay she sang, The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman. And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me,
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, JENNY, come ben, The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn; Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sowre, I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae half hour; It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three, For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

In Auchtermuchty dwelt a man, An husband, as I heard it tawld, Quha weil coud tipple out a can, And nowther luvit hungir nor cauld: Till anes it fell upon a day,

He zokit his plewch upon the plain;

And schort the storm wald let him stay,

Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

He loofd the plewch at the lands end,
And draife his owfen hame at ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And faw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a fyre fu' bauld,
Suppand fat fowp, as I heard fay:
The man being weary, wet, and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae play.

Quod he, Quhair is my horses corn,
My owsen has nae hay or strae,
Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
I sall be hussy gif I may.
This seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze sit warm, nae troubles se;
The morn ze sall gae wi' the lad,
And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

Gudeman, quod scho, content am I,
To tak the plewch my day about,
Sae ye rule weil the kaves and ky,
And all the house baith in and out:
And now sen ze haif made the law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They sicker raid that neir did saw,
Therefore let naething be neglect.

But sen ye will hussyskep ken,

First ze maun sift and syne sall kned;

And ay as ze gang butt and ben,

Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed:

And lay a fast wysp to the kiln,
We haif a dear farm on our heid;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the gaislings frae the gled.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene,
I pray luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirn'd the kirn, and skumt it clene,
Lest the gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the morning up scho gat;
And on her heart laid her disjune,
And pat as mickle in her lap,
As micht haif serd them baith at nune.

Says, Jok, be thou maister of wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall ka,
Ise promise thee a gude new sark,
Either of round claith or of sma.
She lowst the ousen aught or nyne,
And hynt a gad-staff in her hand;
Up the Gudeman raise aftir syne,
And saw the Wyse had done command.

He draif the gaislings forth to seid,

Thair was but sevensum of them aw,

And by thair comes the greidy gled,

And lickt up five, lest him but twa:

Then out he rane in all his mane,

How sune he hard the gaisling cry;

But than or he came in again,

The kaves brake louse and suckt the ky.

The caves and ky met in the loan,

The man ran wi' a rung to red,

Than by came an illwilly roan,

And brodit his buttocks till they bled;

Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,

And he fat down to fey the spinning;

He loutit doun our neir the low,

Quod he, This wark has ill beginning.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,

The fute tuke fire, it flyed him than,

Sum lumps did fa' and burn his pow;

I wat he was a dirty man;

Zit he gat water in a pan,

Quherwith he flokend out the fyre:

To foup the house he fyne began,

To had all richt was his defyre.

Hynd to the kirn then did he stoure,
And jumblit at it till he swat,
Quhen he had rumblit a sull lang hour,
The forrow crap of butter he gat;
Albeit nae butter he could get,
Zet he was cummert wi' the kirn,
And syne he het the milk sae het,
That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.

Then ben thair came a greedy fow,

I trow he cund her little thank:

For in scho shot her mickle mow,

And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.

He tuke the kirnslaff be the schank,

And thocht to reik the sow a root,

The twa lest gaislings gat a clank,

That straik dang baith their harns out.

Then he bure kendling to the kill,

But scho start up all in a low,

Quhat eir he heard, what eir he saw

That day he had nae will to * *

Then he zied to tak up the bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
The first that he gat in his arms,
Was a bedirtin to the ene.

The first it smellt sae sappylie,

To touch the lave he did not grien:
The deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,

That cramd zour kytes sae strute zestrein.
He traild the soul sheits down the gate,

Thocht to have washt them on a stane,
The burn was risen grit of spait,

Away frae him the sheits has tane.

Then up he gat on a know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to schout;
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
But stoutly steird the stots about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowst the plewch, and syne came hame
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht mekle schame.

Quoth he, My office I forfake,
For all the hale days of my lyfe;
For I wald put a house to wraik,
Had I been twenty days gudewyse.
Quoth scho, Weil mot ze bruik your place,
For truly I sall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd sa the lyar's sace,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.
Then up scho gat a meikle rung;

Then up scho gat a meikle rung;
And the gudeman made to the dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll get the war.

Quoth he, When I forfuke my plewch,
I trow I but forfuke my skill:
Then I will to my plewch again;
For I and this house will nevir do weil.

Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is ARGYLL: you may think it strange,
To live at the court, and never to change;
All falsehood and flatt'ry I do disdain;
In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
I always my king and my country have sac'd;
I'll do any thing for my country's well,
I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
For to my ain country I will gang down;
At the fight of Kirkaldy ance again,
I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strise,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my fword and my gun,
And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
Hame to my MAGGIE I think for to gae,
Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear, A pair of fine garters for MAGGIE to wear, And some pretty things else, I do declare, When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair. And whan we are married we'll keep a cow, My MAGGIE sall milk her, and I will plow: We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail, And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

If my MAGGIE shou'd chance to bring me a son, He's fight for his king, as his daddy has done; I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn, Syne hame into Scotland and keep a sarm. And thus we'll live and industrious be, And wha'll be sae great as my MAGGIE and me? We'll soon grow as sat as a Norway seal, Wi' seeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane;
You bites of Bear-garden who fight for gains,
And you fops who have got more wigs than brains;
You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
For whoring and fwearing I'll leave it to you;
Your woodcock and pheafant, your duck and your teal,
I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave aff kiffing a citizen's wife,
I'm fully refolv'd for a country life;
Kiffing and toying, I'll fpend the lang day,
Wi' bonny young lasses on cocks of hay;
Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
A kifs and a tumble upo' the green grass.
I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

No Dominies for me, laddie.

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,
A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
With cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie;
A long cravat at him did wag,
And buckles at his knee, laddie;
Says he, My heart, by CUPID's dart,
Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;
So cease and let me be, laddie:
For what? says he; Good troth, said I,
No dominies for me, laddie.
Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
For ladies' conjunct-see, laddie;
When books and gowns are all cried down,
No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your fake I'll fleece the flock,
Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;
If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,
And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.
But what if ye shou'd chance to die,
Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie?
Naething wad be reserv'd for them
But hair-moul'd books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,

He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie:
When I perceived this, in haste
I lest my dominie, laddie.

Fare ye well, my charming maid,
This lesson learn of me, lasse,
At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, lasse.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie:
We had nae use for black-gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.
Martial drums is music fine,
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie;
While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and sackloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' these whining loons;
They look like, Let me be, laddie:
I've more delight in roaring guns;
No dominies for me, laddie.

Vol. II.

JAMIE gay.

AS JAMIE gay gang'd blyth his way Along the river Tweed,
A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
Came tripping o'er the mead.
The hearty swain, untaught to seign,
The buxom nymph survey'd,
And full of glee as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear Lassie tell, why by thinesell
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
Canst tell me, laddie, where?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see,
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gi'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
Right merrily they went.
The birds fang sweet, the pair to greet,
And slowers bloom'd around?
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the fun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.

The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

I've been Courting.

I'V E been courting at a lass
These twenty days and mair;
Her father winna gi'e me her,
She has sick a gleib of gear,
But gin I had her where I wou'd
Amang the hether here,
I'd strive to win her kindness,
For a' her father's care.

For she's a bonny sonsy lass,
An armssu', I swear;
I wou'd marry her without a coat,
Or e'er a plack o' gear.
For, trust me, when I saw her first,
She gae me sick a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the earth
Can never mak me sound.

For when she's absent frae my sight, I think upon her still; And when I sleep, or when I wake, She does my senses fill.

May Heavens guard the bonny lass That sweetens a' my life; And shame sa' me gin e'er I seek Anither for my wife.

My Heart's my ain.

That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lain.
The lass he's courting has filler
And I hae nane at a';
And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has fense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysell,
That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tofh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've feldom a gown on my back,
But fick as I fpin myfell.
And when I am clad in my curtfey,
I think myfell as braw
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' WILLIE does slight me, and's lest me,
The chield he deserves a good wise.
But, O! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be fcrimpit or fcant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll sa' on his seet for a wife.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the niest borrows town.

But, O! indeed, it was, Sir, Sae far the war for me; For lang or e'er that I came hame, My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout, The truth I tell to you, That lang or e'er midnight came, We were a' roaring fou. My wife fits at the fire-fide; And the tear blinds ay her ee, The ne'er a bed will she gae to; But fit and tak the gee.

In the morning foon, when I came down, The ne'er a word she spake; But mony a fad and four look, And ay her head she'd shake. My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee, To look fae four on me? I'll never do the like again, If you'll never tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang Her arms about my neck; And twenty kisses in a crack, And, poor wee thing, she grat. If you'll ne'er do the like again, But bide at hame wi' me. I'll lay my life Ife be the wife That's never tak the gee.

Wallifou fa' the Cat.

THERE was a bonnie wi' laddie,
Was keeping a bonny whine sheep;
There was a bonnie wee lassie,
Was wading the water sae deep,
Was wading the water sae deep,
And a little above her knee;
The laddie cries unto the lassie,
Come down Tweedside to me.

And when I gade down Tweed-side,
I heard, I dinna ken what,
I heard ae wife say t' anither,
Wallifou sa' the cat;
Wallifou sa' the cat,
She's bred the house an wan ease,
She's open'd the am'ry door,
And eaten up a' the cheese.

She's eaten up a' the cheese,
O' the kebbuk she's no lest a bit;
She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,
And 'tis sa'en in the sowen kit;
'Tis out o' the sowen kit,
And 'tis into the maister-can;
It will be sae siery sa't,
'Twill poison our goodman.

Here awa', there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa' WILLIE,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my WILLIE again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my WILLIE, Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame, Whatever betide us, nocht shall divide us; Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', WILLIE, Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame, Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me, Ilka thing pleases while WILLIE's at hame.

Drap of Capie----O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end, She lo'ed a drap of capie--O, And all the gear that e'er she gat, She slipt it in her gabie--O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
The wife had got a drapie--O,
And she had pish'd her coats sae weil,
She could not find the patie---O.

But she's awa' to her goodman,

They ca'd him TAMIE LAMIE--O.

Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,

That I may get a dramic---O.

TAMIE was an honest man, Himself he took a drapie---O; It was nae weil out o'er his craig, Till she was on his tapie---O.

She paid him weil, baith back and fide, And fair she creish'd his backie---O, And made his skin baith blue and black, And gar'd his shoulders crackie---O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
And he has ta'en a pockie---O,
He put her in, baith head and tail,
And cast her o'er his backie---O.

The carling fpurn'd wi' head and feet,
The carle he was fae ackie---O,
To ilka wall that he came by,
He gar'd her head play knackie---O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me, My brains you out will knockie---O, He gi'd her ay the other hitch, Lie still, you devil's buckie---O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn, O let me out, good TAMIE---O; Then he set her upon a stane, And bade her pish a damie---O.

Then TAMIE took her aff the stane, And put her in the pockie---O, And when she did begin to spurn, He lent her ay a knockie---O.

Away he went to the mill-dam, And there ga'e her a duckie---O,

And ilka chiel that had a stick, Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again, He did hing up the pockie---O, At her bed-fide, as I hear fay, Upon a little knagie---O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,
In naithing but her smockie---O,
Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
She might behold the pockie---O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near, That have a drunken tutie---O, Duck you your wives in time of year, And I'll lend you the pockie---O.

The wife did live for nineteen years, And was fu' frank and cuthie---O, And ever fince she got the duck, She never had the drouthie---O.

At last the carling chanc'd to die,
And TAMIE did her bury---O,
And for the publick benefit,
He has gar'd print the curie---O.

And this he did her motto make; Here lies an honest luckie---O, Who never left the drinking trade, Until she got a duckie---O.

WILLIE WINKIE'S Testament.

MY daddy left me gear enough,
A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
A nebbed staff, a nutting-tyne,
A fishing wand with hook and line;
With twa auld stools, and a dirt-house,
A jerkenet scarce worth a louse,
An auld patt, that wants the lug,
A spurtle and a sowen mug.

A hempken heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peet-creel,
The fpakes of our auld fpinning-wheel.
A pair of branks, yea, and a faddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle;
A whang-bit, and a fniffle-bit;
Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff and a timmer spit, An auld kirn, and a hole in it, Yarn-winnles, and a reel, A fetter-lock, a trump of steel, A whistle, and a tup-horn spoon, With an auld pair of clouted shoon, A timmer spade, and a gleg shear, A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle, The pillion of an auld car-faddle, A gullie-knife, and a horfe-wand, A mitten for the left hand,

With an auld broken pan of brass, With an auld fark that wants the arfe, An auld-band, and a hoodling how, I hope, my bairns, ye're a weil now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
And it was a' for want o' gear,
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare:
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now?
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hose and shoon sit for your feet,
Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel I did advise,
My daddy's gear for to comprize;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
What gear my daddy lest to me.
They sat three quarters of a year,
Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth sour pounds Scots.

The Ploughman.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
And a' his wark's at leisure,
And when that he comes hame at ev'n,
He kisses me wi' pleasure.
Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
Up wi't now, my ploughman;

Of a' the lads that I do fee,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming fpring comes on,
He takes his yoking early,
And whiftling o'er the furrow'd land,
He goes to fallow clearly;
Up wit now, &c.

Whan my ploughman comes hame at ev'n, He's often wet and weary;
Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my deary.

Up wit now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will wash his o'erlay,
And I will make my ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.

Merry butt, and merry ben,
Merry is my ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
Plough you faugh and fallow,
Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
Is but a dirty fellow.

Merry butt, and, &c.

The Tailor.

THE tailor came to clout the claife, Sick a braw fellow, He fill'd the house a' sou of sleas, Dassin down, and dassin down, Vol. II. (10) N

He fill'd the house a' fou of fless, Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire, Sic a braw hissey!

Oh! she was a' his heart's desire; Daffin down, and daffin down;

Oh! she was a' his heart's desire:
Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie she fell fast asleep; Sic a braw hissey!

The tailor close to her did creep;

Daffin down, and daffin down;

The tailor close to her did creep; Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie waken'd in a fright; Sic a braw hissey!

Her maidenhead had taen the flight; Daffin down, and daffin down;

Her maidenhead had taen the flight; Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it butt, fhe fought it ben; Sic a braw hiffey!

And in beneath the clocken-hen; Daffin down, and daffin down;

And in beneath the clocken-hen; Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it in the owfen-staw; Sic a braw hissey!

No, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa'; Daffin down, and daffin down; Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa'; Daffin down and dilly.

She fought it 'yont the knocking stane; Sic a braw hissey!

Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane; Daffin down, and daffin down;

Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane; Dassin down and dilly.

She ca'd the taylor to the court; Sic a braw hiffey!

And a' the young men round about; Daffin down, and daffin down:

And a' the young men round about; Daffin down and dilly.

She gard the tailor pay a fine; Sic a braw hiffey!

Gie me my maidenhead agen;

Daffin down, and daffin down;

Gie me my maidenhead agen; Daffin down and dilly.

O what way wad ye hae't agen? Sic a braw hiffey!

Oh! just the way that it was taen; Dassin down, and dassin down;

Oh! just the way that it was taen; Daffin down and dilly.

The maid gaed to the Mill.

THE maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hech hey, fae wanton;
The maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hey fae wanton she;
She's sworn by moon and stars fae bright,
That she should hae her corn ground,
That she should hae her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Out then came the miller's man,
Hech hey, fae wanton;
Out then came the miller's man,
Hey fae wanton he;
He fware he'd do the best he can,
For to get her corn ground,
For to get her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
Hech hey, fae wanton;
He put his hand about her neck,
Hey fae wanton he;
He dang her down upon a fack,
And there she got her corn ground,
And there she got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
Hech hey, sae wanton;
When other maids gaed out to play,
Hey sae wantonlie;

She figh'd and fobb'd, and wadnae ftay, Because she'd got her corn ground, Because she'd got her corn ground, Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,
Hech hey, sae wanton:
When forty weeks were past and gane,
Hey sae wantonlie;
This maiden had a braw lad-bairn,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,
Hech hey, sae wanton;
Her mither bade her cast it out,
Hey sae wantonlie;
It was the miller's dusty clout,
For getting of her corn ground,
For getting of her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
Hech hey, fae wanton;
Her father bade her keep it in,
Hey fae wantonlie,
It was the chief of a' her kin,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Because she'd got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

The brisk young Lad.

THERE came a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
There came a young man to my daddie's door,
Came feeking me to woo.

And wow but he was a braw young lad,
A brifk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow but he was a braw young lad,
Came feeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou'.

And wow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.

And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrife wooer, Ye four-looking, cauldrife wooer, I straightway show'd him to the door, Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door, Before the door, before the door, There lay a duck-dub before the door, And there fell he, I trow.

And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwise, and low she louted,
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,
And there lay he I trow.

And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and fneer'd and fmil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
Ye'ave fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
We'll hae nae mair of you.

And wow but, &c.

The Surprise.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was su' ready.
And sae I thought upon a wile,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To see mysell to a lowland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it.
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yoursell,
And tald me o' your state man:
Ye might hae come to me yoursell,
Outwittens of your daddy,
And made John Gouckston of the laird,
And kis'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She see'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie:
But I gat ne'er sae sair a sleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yate,
Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf with fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went whan I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

The Mariner's Wife.

BUT are you fure the news is true?
And are you fure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a', There's nae luck about the house When our goodman's awa'.

Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
And fee him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pat; Gie little KATE her cotton gown, And JOCK his Sunday's coat. There's nae luck, &c.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes
Their slockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,

Have fed this month and mair,

Make haste and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weil may fare.

There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-sattin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wise,
That COLIN's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our goodman,
For he's baith leel and true.

There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air,
His very tread has music in't
As he comes up the stair.

There's nae luck, &c.

And will I fee his face again,
And will I hear him fpeak?

I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet!

There's nae luck, &c.

The Gawkie.

BLYTH young BESS to JEAN did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where slocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' JAMIE?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about JAMIE tak nae care,
Nor about JAMIE tak nae care;
For he's ta'en up wi' MAGGIE.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your JAMIE pass,

Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And MAGGIE took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
That BESS was but a gawkie.

For whenever a civil kiss I seek,

She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,

And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;

Who'd not ca' her a gawkie?

But sure my M A G G I E has mair sense,

She'll gie a score without offence:

Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,

And ye shall be my dawtie.

O JAMIE, ye hac mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lass, that can ne'er be,
Sick thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whish't, nae mair of this we'll speak, For yonder Jamie does us meet; Instead of Meghe kiss'd sae sweet, I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew, When I came by, your gown's sae new, I think you've got it wat wi' dew.

Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in JAMIE'S cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor JAMIE sair to rue,
That ever MAGGIE's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd BESS a gawkie.
As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

The Shepherd's Son.

THERE was a shepherd's son, Kept sheep upon a hill, He laid his pipe and crook aside, And there he slept his fill. Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
Then gave an under-look,
And there he spied a lady fair,
Swimming in a brook.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed, And then approach'd the maid, Put on your claiths, my dear, he fays, And be ye not afraid. Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Tis fitter for a lady fair,

To few her filken feam,

Than to get up in a May morning,

And strive against the stream.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
And let my claiths alane;
Then I'll give you as much money,
As you can carry hame.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,
And I'll let your claiths alane;
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms;
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.
Vol. II.

When she came to her father's yate, She tirled at the pin; And ready stood the porter there, To let this fair maid in. Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when the gate was opened,
So nimbly's she whipt in;
Pough! you're a fool without, she says,
And I'm a maid within.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy;
I thank you for your care;
But had you done what you should do,
I ne'er had lest you there.

Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
And let my feet gae bare,
And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me, if her I spare.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

In that do as you please, she says,
But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity;
With that she shut the door.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not when he might,
He should not when he would.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind fae cauld blew fouth and north,
And blew into the floor:

Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussy's skap,
Goodman, as ye may see,
An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
Its no be barred for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and fure;
That the first word whae'er should speak,
Shou'd rife and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither fee house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house, Or whether is it a poor? But never a word wad ane o' them speak, For barring of the door.

And first they are the white puddings, And then they are the black;

Though muckle thought the goodwife to herfel, Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then faid the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kis the goodwise."

"But there's nae water in the house, And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo, That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kis my wise before my een,
And scald me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

Had awa' frae me, DONALD.

Or will you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam?
Or will you hae ta kiss o' me?
And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O fee you not her ponny progues,

Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?

Her twa short hose, and her twa spoigs,

And a shoulter-pelt apeen, Mattam?

Had awa', bide awa',

Had awa' fra me, Donald;

Nae shoulder belts, nae trinkabouts,

Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough
Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam;
Hersell hae pistol and claymore
To slie ta lallant lown, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hursell hae a short coat pi pote,
No trail my seets at rin, Mattam;
A cutty sark of good harn sheet,
My mitter he be spin, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
And sash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
At ony kind o' fpin, Mattam,
But shug your lenno in a scull,
And tidel highland sing, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa', frae me, DONALD;
(11) O 3

Your jogging sculls and highland sang
Will sound but harsh wi' me, DONALD.

In ta morning when him rife
Ye's get fresh whey for tea, Mattam;
Sweet milk an ream as much you please,
Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I winna quit my morning's tea,
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,
And tats ta ponny speak, Mattam;
Ye's get a cheese, an putter-kirn,
Come wi' me kin ye like, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your Gallic and your Highland chear
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye's pe ket a filder proch
Pe pigger then the moon, Mattam;
Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your Highland rarities,
You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind,

To a protty man like me, Mattam?

Sae langs claymore pe 'po my side,

I'll neser marry tee, Mattam.

O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald;
I wadna quit my Highland man;
Frae Lallands fet me free, Donald.

The Dreg Song.

TRADE to London yesterday On a crucket hay-cock, Hay-cock, quo' the feale to the eel, Cock nae I my tail weel? Tail-weel, or if hare. Hunt the dog frae the deer, Hunt the dog frae the deil-drum; Kend ye na Johny Young? JOHN YOUNG and JOHN AULD Strove about the moniefald; JEMMY JIMP and JENNY JEUS Bought a pair of jimp deus, Wi' nineteen stand of feet; Kend ye nae white breek? White breek and steel pike, Kiss't the lass behind the dyke, Kiss't the lass behind the dyke, And she whalpet a bairnie; Hey hou HARRY, HARRY, Mony a boat skail'd the ferry, Mony a boat, mony a ship; Tell me a true note; True note, true fong, I've dreg'd o'er long,

O'er lang, o'er late, Quo' the haddock to the scate, Quo' the scate to the eel, Cock na I my tail weel? Tail weel, and gins better, It's written in a letter: ANDREW MURRAY faid to MEG, How many hens hae you wi' egg? Steek the door and thraw the crook, Grape you and I'se look; Put in your finger in her dock, And fee gin she lays thereout, She lays thereout days ane, Sae dis he days twa, Say dis he days three, Sae dis he days four, Quo' the carle o' Aberdour; Aberdour, Aberdeen, Grey claith to the green, Grey claith to the fands, Trip it, trip it through the lands; Thro' lands, or if hare, Hunt the dog frae the deer, Hunt the deer frae the dog. Waken, waken, WILLIE TOD, WILLIE TOD, WILLIE TAY, Cleckit in the month of May, Month of May and Averile, Good skill o' raisins. Jentlens and fentlens, Jeery ory alie; Weel row'd five men, As weel your ten,

The oysters are a gentle kin,
They winna tak unless you sing.
Come buy my oysters aff the bing,
To serve the sheriff and the king,
And the commons o' the land,
And the commons o' the sea;
Hey benedicete, and that's good Latin.

I'll chear up my heart.

AS I was a walking ae May-morning,
The fidlers and youngsters were making their game;
And there I saw my saithless lover,
And a' my sorrows returned again.

Well, fince he is gane, joy gang wi' him; It's never be he shall gar me complain: I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another, I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping, The tears ran down like showers o' rain; An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken; And O! but love's a tormenting pain.

But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him, It's never be he that shall gar me complain, I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another; I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house, I took my wheel and sate down to spin; 'Twas there I first began my thrist; And a' the wooers came linking in.

It was gear he was feeking, but gear he'll na get; And its never be he that shall gar me complain, For I'll chear up my heart, and I'll soon get another; I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

ROBIN Red-breast

GUDE day now, bonny ROBIN, How lang have you been here? OI have been bird about this bush, This mair then twenty year!

But now I am the fickest bird,
That ever sat on brier;
And I wad make my testament,
Goodman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonny neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn;
And gie't to the Duke of Hamilton
To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my neb;
And gie to the Lady o' Hamilton
To fill a feather-bed.

Gar tak this gude right-leg o' mine, And mend the brig o' Tay; It will be a post, and pillar gude; It will neither bow nor-----

And tak this other leg o' mine, And mend the brig o' Weir!

It will be a post and pillar gude; It'll neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak these bonny seathers o' mine, The seathers o' my tail; And gie to the lads o' Hamilton To be a barn-slail.

And tak these bonny feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast;
And gie to ony bonny lad
That'll bring to me a priest.

Now in there came my Lady WREN, With mony a figh and groan; O what care I for a' the lads, If my wee lad be gone?

Then ROBIN turn'd him round about, E'en like a little king; Go, pack ye out at my chamber-door, Ye little cutty quean.

Let me in this ae night.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet;
Or are you waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O let me in this ae night, and I'll ne er come back again, jo.

The morn it is the term-day, I maun away, I canna stay,

O! pity me before I gae, And rife and let me in, jo. O let me. &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet; The morn it will be fnaw and fleet, My shoon are frozen to my feet, Wi' standing on the plain, jo. O let me, &c.

I am the laird o' windy-wa's, I come na here without a cause, And I hae gotten mony sa's Upon a naked wame, jo.

O let me, &c.

My father's wa'king on the street, My mither the chamber-keys does keep; My chamber-door does chirp and cheep, And I dare nae let you in, jo.

O gae your ways this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night, O gae your ways this ae night, for I dare nae let you in, jo.

But I'll come stealing fastly in, And cannily make little din; And then the gate to you I'll find, If you'll but direct me in, jo.

O let me in, &c.

Cast aff the shoen frae aff your fee,
Cast back the door up to the weet;
Syne into my bed you may creep,
And do the thing you ken, jo.
O well's me on this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O well's me on this ae night, that ere I let you in, jo.

She let him in fae cannily, She let him in fae privily, She let him in fae cannily, To do thing you ken, jo. O well's me, &c.

But ere a' was done, and a' was said,
Out fell the bottom of the bed;
The lassie lost her maidenhead,
And her mither heard the din, jo.
O the devil take this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O the devil take this ae night, that ere I let you in, jo.

Hallow Fair. Tune, Fy let us a' to the Bridal.

THERE'S fouth of braw JOCKIES and JENNYS
Comes weel-busked into the fair,
With ribbons on their cockernonies,
And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.
MAGGIE she was sae well busked,
'That WILLIE was ty'd to his bride;
The pounie was ne'er better whisked
Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

Sing farrel, &c.

But MAGGIE was wondrous jealous
To fee WILLIE busked sae braw;
And SAWNEY he sat in the alehouse,
And hard at the liquor did caw.
There was GEORDY that well lov'd his lassie,
He touk the pint-stoup in his arms,
VOL. II.

And hugg'd it, and faid, Trouth they're faucy
That loos nae a good father's bairn.

Sing farrel, &c.

There was WATTIE the muirland laddie,
That rides on the bonny grey cout,
With sword by his side like a cadie,
To drive in the sheep and the knout.
His doublet sae weel it did sit him,
It scarcely came down to mid thigh,
With hair pouther'd, hatt and a feather,
And housing at courpon and tee.

Sing farrel, &c.

But bruckie play'd boo to bausie,
And aff scour'd the cout like the win':

Poor WATTIE he fell in the causie,
And birs'd a' the bains in his skin.

His pistols fell out of the hulsters,
And were a' bedaubed with dirt;

The folks they came round him in clusters,
Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was you hurt?

Sing farrel, &c.

But cout wad let nae body steer him,

He was ay sae wanton and skeegh;

The packmans stands he o'erturn'd them,

And gard a' the Jocks stands a-beech;

Wi' sniring behind and before him,

For sic is the metal of brutes:

Poor WATTIE, and wae's me for him,

Was sain to gang hame in his boots.

Sing farrel, &c.

171

Now it was late in the ev'ning,

And boughting-time was drawing near:
The lasses had stench'd their greening

With fouth of braw apples and beer.
There was LILLIE, and TIBBIE, and SIBBIE,

And CEICY on the spinnell could spin,
Stood glowring at signs and glass winnocks,

But deil a ane bade them come in.

Sing farrel, &c.

God guide's! faw you ever the like o' it?

See yonder's a bonny black fwan;

It glowrs as't wad fain be at us;

What's you that it hads in its hand?

Awa, daft gouk, cries WATTIE,

They're a' but a rickle of sticks;

See there is BILL, JOCK, and auld HACKIE,

And yonder's Mess JOHN and auld Nick.

Sing farrel, &c.

Quoth MAGGIE, Come buy us our fairing:
And WATTIE right fleely cou'd tell,
I think thou're the flower of the claughing,
In trouth now I'se gie you my sell.
But wha wou'd e'er thought it o' him,
That e'er he had rippled the lint?
Sae proud was he o' his MAGGIE,
Tho' she did baith scalie and squint.
Sing farrel, &c.

UR goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he: And then he saw a saddle horse. Where nae horse should be.

O how came this horse here? How can this be? How came this horse here. Without the leave o' me?

A horse! quo' she: Ay, a horse, quo' he. Ye auld blind dotard carl, Blind mat ye be, 'Tis naething but a bonny milk cow My minny fent to me.

A bonny milk cow! quo' he; Ay, a milk cow, quo' she. Far hae I ridden, And meikle hae I feen, But a faddle on a cow's back, Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he, He spy'd a pair of jack boots, Where nae boots should be.

What's this now, goodwife? What's this I fee? How came these boots there Without the leave o' me?

Boots! quo' she: Ay, boots, quo' he. Shame fa' your cuckold face, And ill mat ye fee, It's but a pair of water stoups The cooper fent to me.

Water stoups! quo' he; Ay, water stoups, quo' she. Far hae I riden, And farer hae I gane, But filler fpurs on water stoups, Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he, And then he faw a fword. Where a fword should nae be:

What's this now, goodwife? What's this I see? O how came this fword here, Without the leave o' me?

A fword! quo' she, Ay, a fword, quo' he. Shame fa' your cuckold face, And ill mat you fee, It's but a parridge spurtle My minnie fent to me.

Weil, far hae I ridden, And muckle hae I feen; But filler handed spurtles Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he; There he fpy'd a powder'd wig, Where nae wig should be:

What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I fee?
How came this wig here,
Without the leave o' me?

A wig! quo fhe?
Ay, a wig, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face,
And ill mat you fee,
'Tis naething but a clocken-hen
My minnie fent to me.

Clocken hen! quo' he:
Ay, clocken-hen, quo' she,
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But powder on a clocken hen
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he faw a muckle coat,
Where nae coat shou'd be:

O how came this coat here?

How can this be?

How came this coat here

Without the leave o' me?

A coat! quo' fhe: Ay, a coat, quo' he. Ye auld blind dotard carl, Blind mat ye be, It's but a pair of blankets My minnie fent to me.

Blankets! quo' he:
Ay, blankets, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle have I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,
And ben went he,
And there he fpy'd a sturdy man,
Where nae man shou'd be:

How came this man here?

How came this be?

How came this man here,

Without the leave o' me?

A man! quo' fhe:
Ay, a man, quo' he.
Poor blind body,
And blinder mat ye be,
It's a new milking maid,
My mither fent to me.

A maid! quo' he:
Ay, a maid, quo' she.
Far hae I ridden,
And muckle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded maidens
I saw never nane.

The Nurse's Song.

HOW dan dilly dow, How den dan, Weel were your minny An ye were a man.

Ye wad hunt and hawk,
And ha'd her o' game,
And water your dady's horse,
I' the mill dam.

How dan dilly dow, How dan flours, Ye's ly i' your bed Till eleven hours.

If at ele'en hours you lift to rife, Ye's hae your dinner dight in a new guife; La'rick's legs and titlens toes And a' fic dainties my Mannie shall hae.

Da Capo.

Kind-hearted NANCY.

I'LL go to the green wood,
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY,
I'll go to the green wood,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

O what an I come after you? Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY; O what an I come after you? Quo' fla cow'rdly WILSY.

And what gif ye come back again? Quo' N A N C Y, quo' N A N C Y; And what gif ye come back again? Quo' kind hearted N A N C Y.

But what gif I shou'd lay thee down? Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY; What gif I should lay thee down? Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

And what gif I can rife again?

Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;

And what gif I can rife again?

Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

O but what if I get you wi' bairn? Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY; O what gif I get you wi' bairn? Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

If you can get it I can bear't,
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;
If you can get it I can bear't,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Whar'l we get a cradle till't?

Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

Whar'l we get a cradle till't?

Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

There's plenty o' wood in Norway, Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY; (12)

There's plenty o' wood in Norway, Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?

Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY;

Whar'l we get a cradle-belt?

Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

Your garters and mine,
Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY;
Your garters and mine,
Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Then whar'l I tye my beastie to? Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY; Then whar'l I tye my beastie to? Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

Tye him to my muckle tae, Quo' N A N C Y, quo' N A N C Y; Tye him to my muckle tae, Quo' kind hearted N A N C Y.

O what gif he should run awa'? Quo' WILSY, quo' WILSY; O what gif he should run awa'? Quo' sla cow'rdly WILSY.

Deil gae wi' you, steed and a', Quo' NANCY, quo' NANCY; Deil gae wi' you, steed and a', Quo' kind hearted NANCY.

Bide ye yet.

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,
A bony wee wise to praise and admire;
A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Fareweil to the bodies that yamer and mourn.

And byde ye yet, and byde ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide you yet;
Some bonny wee bodie may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en, I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean; And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee, That will cry papa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be,

A difference a'tween my wee wise and me;

In hearty good humour although she be teaz'd,

I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, &c.

Ranting Roving Lad.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
O he is forced frae me to gae,
Over the hills and far away.

O he's a ranting roving laddie; O he's a brisk and bonny laddie;

Betide what will, I'll get me ready, And follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

I'll fell my rock, my reel, my tow, My gude grey mare and hacket cow, To buy my love a tartan plaid, Because he is a roving blade.

O he's a ranting roving laddie,
O he's a brisk and bonny laddie,
Betide what will I'll get me ready,
To follow the lad wi' the Highland plaidy.

Let him gang.

I T was on a Sunday,
My love and I did meet,
Which caused me on Monday
To sigh and to weep;
O to weep is a folly,
Is a folly to me,
Sen he'll be mine nae langer,
Let him gang---farewell he.

Let him gang, let him gang, Let him fink, let him fwim; If he'll be my love nae langer, Let him gang---farewell him; Let him drink to Rosemary, And I to the thyme; Let him drink to his love, And I unto mine. For my mind shall never alter, And vary to and fro; I will bear a true affection To the young lad I know; Let him gang, let him gang, Let him sink or let him swim; If he'll be my love nae langer, Let him gang---farewell him.

Tune. JENNY dang the weaver.

AS I came in by Fisherraw, Musselburgh was near me; I threw aff my mussle pock, And courted wi' my deary.

O had her apron bidden down,

The kirk wad ne'er hae kend it;

But fince the word's gane thro' the town,

My dear I canna mend it.

But ye maun mount the cutty-stool,
And I maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that poor folk's do,
Because they hae nae filler.

Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fears me.

I thought it lang to ly my lane,
When I'm sae near my dearie.
Vol. II.

THE shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Come hame will ye, come hame will ye?
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Come hame will ye again een, jo?

What will ye gie me to my supper,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
What will ye gie me to my supper,
Gin I come hame again een, jo?

Ye's get a panfu' of plumpin parrage; And butter in them, and butter in them; Ye's get a panfu' of plumpin parrage, Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, how, it's naething that dow;I winna come hame, and I canna come hame.Ha, ha, how, it's naething that dow;I winna come hame again een, jo.

[The two first verses are to be fung here and after.]

Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
Ye's get a cock well totled i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

[The third verfe for the chorus, ha, ha, &c.]

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pan;
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame,
Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pan,
An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

A well made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
A well made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame again een, jo.
Ha, ha, &c.

A pair of white legs, and a good cogg-wame, An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame; A pair of white legs, and a good cogg-wame, An ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, how, that's fomething that dow; I will come hame, I will come hame. Ha, ha, how, that's fomething that dow; I'll haste me hame again een, jo.

[The two first verses of this song are to be sung before the 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8th verses, as before the 3d, and the 4th after them by way of chorus.]

Old King COUL.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old foul,
And a jolly old foul was he:
Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fidlers three:
And every fidler was a very good fidler,
And a very good fidler was he.
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, with the fidlers three:
And there's no a lass in a Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjoriz.

Old King Coul was a jolly old foul,
And a jolly old foul was he:
Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in pipers three:
Ha-didell, how-didell, how-didell, with the
pipers three:

Fidell, didell, fidell, didell, with the fidlers: And there's no a lass in a' Scotland Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King Coul was a jolly old foul,

And a jolly old foul was he;

Old King Coul he had a brown-bowl,

And they brought him in harpers three:

Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;

Ha-didell, how-didell, ha-didell, how-didell, went the pipers;

Fidell-didell, Fidell-didell, went the fidlers; And there's no a lass in a' Scotland Compared to our sweet MARJORIE.

Old King Coul was a jolly old foul,
And a jolly old foul was he:
Old King Coul he had a brown-bowl,
And they brought him in trumpeters three.
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didell, how-didell, went the pipers;
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, went the fidlers three:
And there's no a lass in a Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjorie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old foul, And a jolly old foul was he: Old King Coul he had a brown-bowl,
And they brought him in drummers three.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, with the drummers;
Twarra-rang, twarra-rang, with the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, with the harpers;
Ha-didell, how-didell, with the pipers;
Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, with the fidlers three:
And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjorie

The Miller of Dee.

THERE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the water of Dee;
He wrought and fang frae morn to night,
No lark more blyth than he;
And this the burden of his fang
For ever us'd to be,
I care for no body, no not I,
Since no body cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her,
She's kindred, child and wise;
I would not change my station,
For any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me;
I care for no body, no not I,
If no body cares for me.

When fpring begins his merry career, Oh how his heart grows gay; No fummer's drought alarms his fears,
Nor winter's fad decay:
No forefight mars the miller's joy,
Who's wont to fing and fay,
Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller bold and free
Let us rejoice and fing,
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This fong shall pass from me to thee,
Along this jovial ring;
Let heart and voice and all agree
To say, Long live the king.

The Turnimspike.

HER fel pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.
Fal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lowlands came,
Nain fell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about hims narse,
About the preeks or trouse, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nain fell did wear the philapeg, The plaid prik't on her shouder; The gude claymore hung pe her pelt, The pistol sharg'd wi' pouder. Fal lal, &c.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans narse be lockit,
O hon, that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.
Fal lal, &c.

Every thing in the Highlands now,
Pe turn't to alteration;
The fodger dwal at our door cheek,
And that's te great vexation.
Fal lal, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws pring on the cadger:
Nain fell wad durk him for hur deeds,
But oh she fears de fodger.

Fal lal, &c.

Another law came after that,

Me never faw the like, man;

They mak a lang road on the crund,

And ca' him turnimfpike, man.

Fal lal, &c.

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Whare twa carts may gang on her,
And no break others legs, man.
Fal lal, &c.

They sharge a penny for ilka hors, In troth they'l be nae sheaper, For nought but gaen upo' the crund, And they gie me a paper. Fal lal, &c.

They tak the hors than pe the head,
And there they mak them fland, man.
I tell'd them that I feen the day
They had na fic command, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Nae doubts nain-fell maun draw his purs,
And pay them what him's like, man:
I'll fee a shudgement on his store,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, &c.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Whare nere a ane fall turn her;
And no come near your turnimfpike,
Unlefs it pe to purn her.
Fal lal, &c.

PATIE'S Wedding.

ASPATIE came up frae the glen,
Drivin his wedders before him,
He met bonny Meg ganging hame,
Her beauty was like for to smore him.
O dinnaye ken, bonny Meg,
That you and I's gaen to be married?
I rather had broken my leg,
Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, PATIE—O wha's tell'd you that?

I think that of news they've been scanty,
That I should be married so soon,
Or yet should hae been sae flantly:
I winna be married the year,
Suppose I were courted by twenty;
Sae, PATIE, ye need nae mair spear,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, MEGGIE, what maks ye fae fweer?

Is't cause that I henna a maillin?

The lad that has plenty o' gear

Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane.

My dad has a good gray mare,

And yours has twa cows and a filly;

And that will be plenty o' gear,

Sae MAGGIE, be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, PATIE, I dinna ken,
But first ye maun speir at my daddy:
You're as well born as BEN,
And I canna say but I'm ready.
There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
To make me a coat and a jimpy,
And plaiden enough to be trews,
Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny M E G,
I's let a wee fmacky fa' on you.

May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill hufband unto you.

Sae gang your way hame e'now,
Make ready gin this day fifteen days,

And tell your father the news,

That I'll be his fon in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,

Wha came to our bigging but PATIE,

Weel drest in a braw new coat,

And wow but he thought himself pretty.

His bannet was little frae new,

In it was a loop and a slitty,

To tie in a ribbon sae blue,

To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then PATIE came in wi' a stend,
Said, Peace be here to the bigging.
You're welcome, quo' WILLIAM, come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.
Now draw in your seat and sit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
And haste ye, MEG, and be done,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth PATIE, My news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've taen three riggs of bra' land,
And hae bound mysel under a bonour:
And now my errand to you
Is for MEGGY to help me to labour;
I think you maun gie's the best cow,
Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
I'se cut the craig of the ewe
That had amaist deid of the side-ill,

And that 'ill be plenty of bree,
Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
To all the good neighbours and we,
And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth PATIE, O that'il do well,
And I'll gie you your brose in the morning,
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best in the forenoon,
Sae TAM the piper did play,
And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
And a' the lave they ranked through,
And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they cau'd him JAMIE MATHER,
And he took the bride by the hand,
And cry'd to play up MAGGIE LAUDER.

Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

DEAR ROGER, if your JENNY geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise who're soon deseat,
And with a simple sace give way
To a repulse;—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Tune, Polwart on the Green.

THE dorty will repent,
If lovers heart grow cauld,
And nane her fmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet, Nor eats, though hunger crave, Whimpers and tarrows at its meat, And's laugh'd at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past; Thus by itself abus'd, The fool-thing is oblig'd to fast, Or eat what they've refus'd.

Tune, O dcar mother, what shall I do?

O DEAR PEGGY, love's beguiling, We ought not to trust to smiling; Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd, Think of nought but to be marry'd: Running to a life destroys Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Tune, How can I be fad on my wedding day?

HOW shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly sellows, that study, like sools,
To sink their ain joy and make their wives snools?
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Tune, Cauld kale in Aberdeen.

CAULD be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bless'd be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the desence
Of conscience, king and nation.
Vol. II. (13) R

Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byre.

THE laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack-horse that's unsother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
PEGGY, now the King's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
PEGGY, since the King's come.
Nae mair the hawkies shall thou milk
But change thy plaiding coat to silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, PEGGY, since the King's come.

Tune, Happy Clown.

H I D from himself, now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleeting stocks,

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiftles out the day,
Untaught to fmile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrifie,
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY said to JENNY, JENNY wilt thou do't, Ne'er a fit, quoth JENNY, for my tocher good, For my tocher good I winna marry thee: E'en's ye like, quoth JOCKY, ye may let it be.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough, I ha'e feven good owfen ganging in a pleugh, Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee, And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn and a byar, A peat-stack 'fore the door, will make a rantin fire; I'll make a rantin fire, and merry sall we be, And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

JENNY said to JOCKY, Gin ye winna tell, Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell: Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lasse free; Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

Tune, The Bridegroom Greets.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kyathame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my eye,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young JEMMY loo'd me well, and he fought me for his bride,

But faving a crown he had naething belide; To make that crown a pound, my JEMMY gade to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa, When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stoun awa';

My father brake his arm, and my JEMMY at the fea, And auld ROBIN GREY came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin, I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win; Auld R o B maintain'd them baith, and wi'tears in his ee, Said, JENNY for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for JEMMY back; But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck, The ship it was a wreck, why didna JEMMY die? And why do I live to say waes me? Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mother didna speak, She looked in my face till my heart was like to break; So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea, And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four, When sitting sae mournfully at the door, I saw my JEMMY's wreath, for I coudna think it he, 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we fay; We took but ae kis, and we tore ourselves away; I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die, And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin; I darena think on JEMMY, for that wou'd be a sin; But I'll do my best a gude wise to be, For auld ROBIN GREY is kind unto me.

WATTY and MADGE.

In imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'TWAS at the shining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at WATTY's breast,
And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon ham That lang in reek had hung,

And horn-hard was his tawny hand That held his hazel rung.

So wad the faftest face appear
Of the maist dressy spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm, Gade rumbling through his kyte, And nothing now but folid gear Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed, To his lov'd M A D G E he ran, Sunk down into the chimney-nook With visage sour and wan.

Get up, he cries, my crifhy love, Support my finking faul With fomething that is fit to chew, Be't either het or caul.

This is the how-and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are cog-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of bees.

Oh WATTY, WATTY, MADGE replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd

Your love was thowless, and that ye For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, WATTY, on that night, When all were fast asleep, How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek, Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your fight?
How cou'd you roofe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples flight?

Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks sae brown?
Why did you me fine garters heght,
Yet let my hose sa' down?

O faithless WATTY, think how ast I ment your sarks and hose! For you how many bannocks stown, How many cogues of brose!

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come fee, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
To steep your guts, ye sot.

The grace was faid, the master ferv'd,

Fat MADGE return'd again,

Blyth WATTY raise and rax'd himsell,

And sidg'd he was sae fain.

He hy'd him to the favoury bench, Where a warm haggies stood,

And gart his gooly through the bag Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear M A D
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it off most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

FRAGMENTS

0 F

C O M I C

A N D

HUMOUROUS SONGS.

Mucking of GEORDIE'S byre.

THE mucking of GEORDY's byre,
And shooling the grupe sae clean,
Has gard me weit my cheiks
And greit with baith my een.
It was neer my father's will,
Nor yet my mother's desire,
That eer I should file my singers,
Wi mucking of GEORDY's byre.

The mouse is a merry beast,

And the moudewort wants the een:
But the warld shall ne'er get wit

Sae merry as we ha'e been.

It was ne'er, &c.

Bonny Dundee.

Or have I burnt, or have I flain?
Or have I done aught injury?

I've gotten a bonny young lassie wi' bairn,
The bailie's daughter of bonny Dundee.

Bonny Dundee, and bonny Dundass,
Where shall I see sae bonny a lass?

Open your ports, and let me gang free,
I maun stay nae langer in bonny Dundee.

Galla-Water.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
O braw lads of Galla-water,
I'll kilt my coats below my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
Sae fair her hair, fae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, fae fweet her mou',
I aften kifs her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the hether,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.
Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gard her greet till she was wearie.

Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY.

Gae to the ky wi me, JOHNY,
Gae to the ky wi me;
Gae to the ky wi me, JOHNY,
And I'll be merry wi thee.
And was she not wordy of kisses,
And was she not wordy of kisses,
That gaed to the ky wi me?
Gae to the ky, &c.

I have a house to big,
And another that's like to sa',
I have a lassie wi' bairn,
Which grieves me warst of a'.

Gae to the ky, &c.

If that she be now wi' bairn,
As I trow weel she be,
I have an auld wife to my mither,
Will doudle it on her knee.

Gae to the ky, &c.

Brose and Butter.

G!'E my love brose, brose, Gi'e my love brose and butter, Gi'e my love brose, brose, Yestreen he wanted his supper. JENNY sits up in the last, JOCK Y wad fain hae been at her, There came a wind out of the wast, Made a' the windows to clatter. Gi'e my love, &c.

A goose is nae good meat, A hen is boss within, In a pye there's muckle deceit, A pudding it is a good thing. Gi'e my love, &c.

JENNY'S Bawbie.

AND a' that eer my JENNY had, My JENNY had, my JENNY had; A' that eer my JENNY had, Was ae bawbie. There's your plack, and my plack, And your plack, and my plack, And my plack and your plack, And JENNY's bawbie. And a' that eer, &c.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup, The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup, We'll put it in the pint-stoup, And birle't a' three.

And a' that eer, &c.

Cauld kale in Aberdeen.

AULD kale in Aberdeen, And castocks in Strabogie; But yet I fear they'll cook o'er foon, And never warm the cogie. The lasses about Bogie gicht, Their limbs they are sae clean and tight, That if they were but girded right, They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

Wow, ABERDEEN, what did you mean, Sae young a maid to woo, Sir? I'm fure it was nae mows to her, Whate'er it was to you, Sir; For lasses now are no sae blate, But they ken auld folks out o' date, And better playfare can they get, Than castocks in Strabogie.

Cock up your Beaver.

TYTHEN first my dear Johny came to this town, He had a blue bonnet, it wanted the crown; But now he has gotten a hat and a feather, Hey, my John y lad, cock up your beaver. Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver, Hey, my Johny lad, cock up your beaver; Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang, We'll a' to England ere it be lang.

Vol. II.

JOHN, come kiss me now.

JOHN, come kifs me now, now, now, OJOHN come kifs me now,
JOHN come kifs me by and by,
And make nae mair ado.

Some will court and compliment,
And make a great ado,
Some will make of their goodman,
And fae will I of you.
JOHN, come kifs, &c.

When she came ben she bobbit.

W HEN she came ben she bobbit,
And when she came ben she bobbit.
And when she came ben she kist Cockpen,
And then deny'd that she did it.

And was nae COCKPEN right fawcy, And was nae COCKPEN right fawcy? He len'd his lady to gentlemen, And he kist the collier lassie.

And was nae COCKPEN right able, And was nae COCKPEN right able? He lest his lady with gentlemen, And he kist the lass in the stable. O are you wi' bairn, my chicken? O are you wi' bairn, my chicken? O if I am not, I hope to be, E'er the green leaves be shaken.

I wish that you were dead, Goodman.

I WISH that you were dead, goodman,
And a green fod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead,
Upon a ranting highlandman.

There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's fax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's beef into the pat, goodman,
There's beef into the pat, goodman,
The banes for you, and the brew for me,
And the beef for our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax horse in the stable, goodman,
There's sax horse in the stable, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

I wish, &c.

There's fax ky in the byre, goodman, There's fax ky in the byre, goodman,

There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa of them mine,

And the lave is our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S. I wish, &c.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY mither fent me to the well, She had better gane herfell, I got the thing I dare nae tell, Whistle o'er the lave o't.

My mither fent me to the fea, For to gather musles three; A failor lad fell in wi' me, Whistle o'er the lave o't.

The Grey Cock.

Os AW ye my father, or faw ye my mother,
Or faw ye my true love John?
I faw not your father, I faw not your mother,
But I faw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light:
And the bells they ring ding, dong,
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay;
But he will be here ere lang.

The furly auld carl did naething but fnarl, And JOHNY's face it grew red; Yet tho' he often figh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd, Till all were asleep in bed.

Up JOHNY rose, and to the door he goes, And gently tirled the pin; The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went, And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast? And is my JOHNY true? I have nae time to tell, but fae lang's I like my fell, Sae lang fall I love you.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock, And craw whan it is day; Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold, And your wings of the filver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was, For he crew an hour o'er foon; The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away, And it was but a blink of the moon.

The WREN, or, LENNOX'S Love to BLAN-TYRE.

THEWREN scho lyes in care's bed, In care's bed, in care's bed; The WREN scho lyes in care's bed, In meikle dule and pyne---O.

(14)

Quhen in came Robin Red-breaft, Red-breaft, Red-breaft; Quhen in came Robin Red-breaft, Wi' fuccar-saps and wyne---O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,
Taste o' this, taste o' this;
Now, maiden, will you taste o' this?
It's succar-saps and wyne---O.
Na, ne'er a drap, ROBIN,
ROBIN, ROBIN;
Na, ne'er a drap, ROBIN,
Gin it was ne'er so fine---O.

And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,
That I gied ze, that I gied ze;
And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,
Ze little cutty quean---O.
I gied it till a foger,
A foger, a foger,
I gied it till a foger,
A kynd fweet-heart o' myne---O.

WILL re go to the wood? quo' Fozie Mozie;
Will rego to the wood? quo' Johnie Rednozie;
Will ze go to the wood? quo' Foslin'ene;
Will ze go to the wood? quo' brither and kin.
What to do there? quo' Fozie Mozie;
What to do there? quo' Johnie Rednozie;
What to do there? quo' Foslin'ene;
What to do there? quo' brither and kin.

To flay the WREN, quo' FOZIE MOZIE:
To flay the WREN, quo' JOHNIE REDNOZIE:
To flay the WREN, quo' FOSLIN 'ene:
To flay the WREN, quo' brither and kin.

What way will ze get her hame? quo' Fozie Mozie; What way will ze get her hame? quo' Johnie Red-Nozie;

What way will ze get her hame? quo' Foslin'ene; What way will ze get her hame? quo' brither and kin.

We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' FOZIE MOZIE: We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' JOHNIE REDNOZIE: We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' FOSLIN'ene: We'll hyre carts and horse, quo' brither and kin.

What way will we get her in? quo' Fozie Mozie;
What way will we get her in? quo' Johnie RedNozie;

What way will we get her in? quo' Foslin'ene; What way will ze get her in? quo' brither and kin.

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' Fozie Mozie: We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' Johnie Red-Nozie:

We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' Foslin'ene: We'll drive down the door-cheeks, quo' brither and kin.

I'll hae a wing, quo' FOZIE MOZIE:
I'll hae another, quo' JOHNIE REDNOZIE:
I'll hae a leg, quo' FOSLIN 'ene:
And I'll hae anither, quo' brither and kin.

Lustie MAYE.

O LUSTIE MAYE, with FLORA Queen,
The balmy drops from PHOEBUS sheen,
Prelusant beams before the day,
Before the day, the day;
By thee, DIANA, groweth green,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

Then AURORA that is fo bright,
To woful hearts he casts great light,
Right pleasantly before the day, &.
And shows and shades forth of that light,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,
Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

Birds, on their boughs, of every fort,

Send forth their notes, and make great mirth,

On banks that bloom on every bray, &.

And fares and flyes o'er field and firth,

Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,

Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

All lovers hearts that are in care,

To their ladies they do repair,

In fresh mornings before the day, &...

And are in mirth ay more and more,

Through gladness of this lustie MAYE,

Through gladness of this lustie MAYE.

* The first verse of this song is cited in a book intitled, The Complaint of Scotland, &c. printed at St Andrews in 1548; whereby it appears to have been a current old Scots song in the reign of JAMES V.

Of every monith in the year,

To mirthful M A Y E there is no peer,

Her glist'ring garments are so gay, &c.

Your lovers all make merry cheer,

Through gladness of this lustie M A Y E,

Through gladness of this lustie M A Y E.

Tune, JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.

X/HEN I was a wee thing, And just like an elf, All the meat that e'er I gat, I laid upon the shelf. The rottens and the mice They fell into a strife. They wadnae let my meat alane Till I gat a wife. And when I gat a wife, She wadnae bide therein, Till I gat a hurl-barrow, To hurle her out and in. The hurl-barrow brake, My wife she gat a fa'; And the foul fa' the hurl-barrow, Cripple wife and a'. She wadnae eat nae bacon, She wadnae eat nae beef, She wadnae eat nae lang-kail, For fyling o' her teeth:

But she wad eat the bonnie bird,

That sits upon the tree:

Gang down the burn, Davis, love,

And I fall follow thee.

Wali fu fa the Cat.

AS I came down bonny Tweed-fide,
I heard and I wist nae what;
I heard ae wife say to anither,
O waly su fa' the cat!

O waly fu fa the cat!

For she has bred muckle wanease;

She has op'ned the amry door,

And has eaten up a' our bit cheese.

She has eaten up a' the bit cheese;
O' the bannocks she's no lest a mote;
She has dung the hen aff her eggs;
And she's drown'd in the sowin-boat.

O waly fu fa the cat!

I kend she wad never do grace;

She has pist i' the backet of fa't;

And has dung the bit fish aff the brace.

She has dung the bit fish aff the brace;
And it's fallen i' the maister-can;
And now it has sic a stink,
It'll pizen the silly good man.

Dainty DAVIE*.

LEEZE me on your curly pow, Dainty DAVIE, dainty DAVIE; Leeze me on your curly pow, Mine ain dainty DAVIE. It was in and through the window broads, And a' the tirlie wirlies o'd; The fweetest kiss that e'er I got, Was frae my dainty DAVIE. O leese me on your curly pow, &c. It was down amang my dady's peafe, And underneath the cherry-trees; O there he kist me as he pleas'd, For he was mine ain dear DAVIE. O leeze me on your curly pow, &c. When he was chas'd by a dragoon, Into my bed he was laid down; I thought him wordy o' his room, And he's ay my dainty DAVIE. O leeze me on your curly pow. &c.

HEY how Johny lad, ye're no sae kind's ye sud hae been,

Heyhow Johny lad, ye're no saekind's yesud hae been;

* The following fong was made upon Mess David Williamfon, on his getting with child the Lady Cherrytree's daughter, while the foldiers were searching the house to apprehend him for a rebel.

Sae weel's ye might hae touzled me, and sweetly pried my mow bedeen;

Hey how Jo H N Y lad, ye'reno saekind's ye sud hae been.

My father he was at the pleugh, my mither she was at the mill,

My billie he was at the moss, and no ane near our sport to spill;

The feint a body was therein, ye need na fley'd for being feen;

Hey how Johny lad, ye're no sae kind's ye sud hae been.

But I maun hae anither joe, whase love gangs never out o' mind,

And winna let the mament pass, when to a lass he can be kind;

Then gang yere wa's to Blinking BESS, nae mair for JOHNY fal she green:

Hey how Johny lad, ye'reno saekind's ye sud hae been.

JOHNY JOHNSTON.

O JOHNY JOHNSTON was my love,
But wha wad e'er hae thought it o' him?
He's lest me for a tocher'd lass,
A dirty slut unwordy o' him.

But to the bridal I fall gang,
Although I'm fure I was nae bidden:

I care nae tho' they a' should cry, Hech, see, sirs, yonder comes the dirdam. When I came to the bridal-house,
Wow, but the slut had little 'havens!
For ay she rave, and rugged at,
And licked a' the creechy gravins.

A gentleman that fate neest me,
Was spearing wha was't that was aught her;
Indeed, sir, I think shame to tell,
She's sic a silly body's daughter.

The bride she minted wi' a bane,
And grin'd at me because I said it;
She said, says she, say that again,
And I'se gar you make ae thing twa o't.

I trow then when the bride faw this,

She bade my love come for to please me;

He came, and bade me chuse my spring,

And said, says he, what's this that grieves you?

I'm neither griev'd nor fad, fays I,
And that I'll let you ken to ease you,
I'll dance, fae will I, gif I like;
And ye's tire first, Sir, I'se assure you.

But when the bedding came at e'en, Wow, but the house was in a steery; The bride was frighted sair for sear, That I wad take awa' her deary.

My bonny love gae flow to bed,

He kis'd her—but 'twas for the fashion;

And syne he glowr'd at my white skin,

And syne he sigh'd, and rued the bargain.

Vol. II.

HOW lang have I a batchelor been,
This twa and twenty year?
How aft have I a-wooing gane?
Tho' I came never the near.

For, NANNIE she says, she winna hae me, I look sae like a cloun; But by my sooth, I'm as good as hersel, Sae I's ne'er fash my thumb.

She fays, if I could loup and dance,
As TAM the miller can;
Or cut a caper like the taylor,
She wad like me than.

By my word it's daffin to lie,
My joints were ne'er fo nimble;
The taylor he has naething to mind,
But his bodkin, shears, and thimble.

And how do you do, my little wee NAN,
My lamb and flibrikin mouse?
And how does your father and mother do,
And a' the good folks i' the house?

I think nae shame to shaw my shapes; I'se warrand ye'll guess my errand; You maun gang wi' me, my sair maid, To marry you, sir, I warrand.

But, maun belongs to the king himsell,
But no to a country cloun;
Ye might have said, wi' your leave, fair maid,
And letten your maun alane.

O fee but how she mocks me now, She scoffs me and does scorn; The man that marries you, fair maid, Maun rise right soon i' the morn.

But fare ye well, and e'en's you like,
For I can get anither.
He lap on his horfe at the back o' the dyke,
And gaed hame to tell his mither.

When N A N faw that, she wad na wait, But she has ta'en the taylor; For when a lass gets the lad she likes 'Tis better far than siller.

But when he heard that NANSE was tint, As he fat on you know; He ruggit his hair, he blubber'd and grat, And to a stane daddit his pow.

His mither came out, and wi' the dishclout, She daddit about his mow; The deil's i' the chield, I think he's gane dast, Get up, ye blubbering sow.

If ever there was an ill wife i' the warld,
It was my hap to get her;
And by my hap, and by my luck,
I had been better butt her.

I wish I had been laid i' my grave,
When I got her to marriage!
For, the very first night the strife began,
And she gae me my carriage.

I fcoured awa to Edinborow-town,
And my cutty-brown together;
And there I bought her a braw new-gown,
I'm fure it cost some filler.

Ilka ell o't was a crown,
'Twas better than her marriage:
But because it was black, and it was na brown,
For that I got my carriage.

When I saw naething her wad mend,
I took her to the forest;
The very first wood that I came to,
Green-holan was the nearest;

There I paid her baith back and fide,
Till a' her banes play'd clatter;
And a' the bairns gathered round about,
Cry'd, fy goodman have at her.

As any honest auld woman will do,
The carl then he follow'd me,
As auld carles will do.

He woo'd me, and loo'd me, A wally how he woo'd me! But yet I winna tell to you, How the carl woo'd me.

As I fat at my wheel at e'en,
As any honest auld woman shou'd do,
The carl he came in to me,
As auld carles will do.

He woo'd me, and loo'd me, &c.

As I gaed to my bed at e'en,
As any other honest auld woman wou'd do,
The carl then he came to me,
As auld carles will do.

He woo'd me, and loo'd me, &c.

Lumps of Pudding.

My daddy he steal'd the minister's cow,
And a' we weans gat puddings anew;
The dirt crap out, as the meat gaed in,
And wow sic puddings as we gat then!
Sic lumps o' puddings, sic dads o' bread,
They stack in my throat, and maist were my dead.

As I gaed by the minister's yard,
I spied the minister kissing his maid:
Gin ye winnae believe, cum here and see
Sic a braw new coat the minister gied me.
Sic lumps o' puddings, &c.

Birks of Abergeldie.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks o' Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
Ye shall get a gown of silk,
And coat of calimancoe.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
My minnie she'll be angry.
Sair, fair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
Sair, fair wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me.

KEEP the country, bonny lassie,
Keep the country, keep the country,
Keep the country, bonny lassie;
Lads will a' gie gowd for ye:
Gowd for ye, bonny lassie,
Gowd for ye, gow'd for ye,
Keep the country, bonny lassie,
Lads will a' gie gowd for ye.

A N D fare ye weel, my auld wife,
Sing bum, be bery, bum:
Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
Sing bum, bum,
bum,
Fare ye weel, my auld wife,
The steerer up o' strunt and strife;
The malt's aboon the meal the night,
Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff, Sing bum, be bery bum; Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff, Sing, bum bum, bum: Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff;
The malt's aboon the meal the night
Wi' fome, fome, fome.

WILL ye go to Flanders, my MALLY—O?
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonnie MALLY—O?
There we'll get wine and brandy,
And fack and fugar-candy;
Will ye go to Flanders, my MALLY—O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my M A L L Y—O?

And fee the chief commanders, my M A L L Y—O?

You'll fee the bullets fly, and the foldiers how they die,

And the ladies loudly cry, my M A L L Y—O!

TIBBY FOWLER o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
She has lovers nine or ten,
There's o'er mony wooing at her:

Wooing at her, kiffing at her, Clapping at her, cannae get her; Shame fa' her filthy fnout, There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Kirk wad let me be.

I AM a poor filly auld man,
And hirpling o'er a tree;
Zet fain, fain kifs wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.
Gin a' my duds were aff,
And a' hail claes on,
O I could kifs a zoung lafs,
As weel as ony man.

Blink over the Burn, sweet BETTY.

In harvest I shure my corn,
In winter I married a widow,
I wish I was free the morn.

Blink over the burn, sweet BETTY,
Blink over the burn to me:
O it is a thousand pities
But I was a widow for thee.

Green grows the Rashes.

GREEN grows the rashes—O, Green grows the rashes—O: The seather-bed is no sae saft As a bed among the rashes. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The parfon kist the fidler's wife,
And he cou'd na preach for thinking o't.
Green grows, &c.

The down-bed, the feather-bed,
The bed amang the rashes—O;
Yet a' the beds is na sae saft
As the bellies o' the lasses—O.

O THIS is my departing time!
For here nae langer mann I stay:
There's not a friend or foe of mine
But wishes that I were away.

What I hae done for lack o' wit,
I never, never can recal!
I hope you're a' my friends as yet:
Good-night and joy be wi' you all.

Hae layen three herring a' fa't:
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll take me, tell me now:
And I hae brow'n three pickles o' ma't;
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo;
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo:
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

(15)

I ha'e a wee ca'f that wad fain be a cow:

Bonnie lassie, gin ze'll take me, tell me now:

I hae a wee gryce that wad fain be a fow:

And I cannae cum ilka day to woo;

To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo;

And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

Up in the Morning early.

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk, In a morning of July: She was fair, bonnie, sweet, and young; But met wi' a lad unruly.

He took her by the lilly-white hand;
He fwore he loo'd her truly:
The man forgot, but the maid thought on,
O it was in the month of July!

Kist the Streen.

On the late Duke of Argyle.

O AS I was kist yestreen!
O as I was kist yestreen!
I'll never forget till the day that I die,
Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.

My father was sleeping, my mither was out, And I was my lane, and in came the Duke: I'll never forget till the day that I die, Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.

Kist the streen, kist the streen, Up the Gallowgate, down the Green: I'll never forget till the day that I die, Sae mony braw kisses his Grace gae me.

Tune, Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring tops,
Buried beneath great wreaths of fnaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk fcar and flap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be feen,
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchken stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld, And drives away the winter soon; It makes a man baith gash and bauld, And lifts his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,

If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of bleffings spare,
Which will our fashious sears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,

That will they do, should we gang wood;

If they command the storms to blaw,

Then upo' sight the hailstains thud.

But foon as ere they cry, be quiet,

The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait

The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,

The present minute's only ours;

On pleasure let's employ our wit,

And laugh at fortune's seckless powers †.

WHEN I gaed to the mill my lane,
For to ground my malt,
The miller-laddie kist me;
I thought it was nae fau't.
What though the laddie kist me,
When I was at the mill!
A kiss is but a touch;
And a touch can do na ill.

O I loo the miller-laddie!

And my laddie lues me;

He has sic a blyth look,

And a bonnie blinking ee.

[†] For the remainder of this fong, see page 42d of the prefent volume.

What though the laddie kist me, When I was at the mill! A kiss is but a touch; And a touch can do na ill.

DONALD COWPER and his man
They've gane to the fair;
They've gane to court a bonny lass,
But fint a ma was there:
But he has gotten an auld wise,
And she's come hirpling hame;
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool,
And brake her rumple-bane.

Sing, Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Cowper;
He's gane awa' to court a wise,
And he's come hame without her.

Tune, Green Sleeves.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me,
Look well to thyself, take care of thyself,
For no body cares for thee.

Then I answer'd to myself, and said to myself,
With the self-same repartee,
Look well to thyself, or not to thyself,
It's the self-same thing to me.
Vol. II.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing;
She'll never be guided by me.

She play'd the loon e'er she was married, She play'd the loon e'er she was married, She play'd the loon e'er she was married; She'll do't again e'er she die.

LOGAN-WATER and Logan-braes— I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claiths; First wi' her stockings, and then wi' her shoon; And she gave me the glaiks when a' was done.

But had I kend what I ken now,
I should have bang'd her belly sou,
Her belly sou, and her apron up;
And hae shew'd her the way to Logan-kirk.

SYMON BRODIE had a cow:
The cow was lost, and he cou'd na find her;
When he had done what man cou'd do,
The cow came hame, and the tail behind her.
Honest, auld SYMON BRODIE,
Stupid, auld, doited bodie;
I'll awa' to the North Countrie,
And see my ain dear SYMON BRODIE.

SYMON BRODIE had a wife,
And wow but she was braw and bonnie;
She took the dish-clout aff the bink,
And prin'd it to her cockernonie.

Honest, auld SYMON BRODIE, &c.

Barm.

I'L L trip upon trenchers, I'll dance upon dishes; My mither sent me for barm, for barm: And through the kirk-yard I met wi' the laird, The silly, poor body could do me no harm.

But down i' the park, I met with the clerk, And he gaed me my barm, my barm.

The bonnie lass of Anglesey.

O UR king he has a fecret to tell, And ay we'll keep it must and be; The English lords are coming down, To dance and win the victory.

Our king has cry'd a noble cry,
And ay we'll keep it must and be;
Gar saddle ye, and bring to me,
The bonnie lass of Anglesey.

Up the starts as white as the milk,
Between him and his company;
What is the thing I hae to ask,
If I should win the victory?

Fifteen ploughs but and a mill,

I'll gie thee till the day thou die;

And the fairest knight in a' my court,

To chuse thy husband for to be.

She's ta'en the fifteen lords by the hand, Saying, Will ye come and dance with me? But on the morn, at ten o'clock, They gave it o'er most shamefully.

Up then rose the fisteenth lord;
I wat an angry man was he;
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,
And to the floor gaed manfully.

He faid, My feet shall be my dead, Before she win the victory; But before 'twas ten o'clock at night, He gaed it o'er as shamefully.

The Dainty Downby.

THERE'S a farmer near hard by,
Sent out his daughter to keep the ky,
In the green of the Dainty Downby.

This lasse being of a noble mind,
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme,
She went to the garden to pu' a pickle thyme,
In the garden of the Dainty Downby.

Little did she ken that the laird was at hame, Little did she ken that the laird was at hame, Little did she ken that the laird was at hame, The laird of the Dainty Downby.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand, He has ta'en her by the grass-green sleeve, He has made her to be at his command, In the green of the Dainty Downby.

O go hame! go hame, and tell your father this, Go hame, go hame, and tell your father this, Go hame, go hame, and tell your father this, What ye've gotten in the Dainty Downby.

Her father is to this young laird gone, For to pay fome rents that he was owing, For to pay fome rents that he was owing, To the Laird of the Dainty Downby.

- O how is your daughter MARG'RET! he said, O how is your daughter MARG'RET! he said,
- O how is your daughter MARG'RET, he faid, Since she was in the Dainty Downby?

Gae gar her come and speak to me, Gae gar her come and speak to me, Gae gar her come right speedily, To me in the Dainty Downby.

When this lassie before this young laird came,
Her lover baith grew pale and wan:
O MARG'RET, MARG'RET! you've lain with a man,
Since you was in the Dainty Downby.

O kind Sir! you may well understand, Since you made me to be at your command, You made me to be at your command; And wo to your Dainty Downby!

O MARG'RET, MARG'RET! gif I be the man, If I be the man that has done ye the wrang, I shall be the man that will raise you again, Since you was in the Dainty Downby.

Then he has call'd upon his vassals all, He has call'd on them baith great and small; Then he has made her there, before them all, The Lady of the Dainty Downby.

The Top.

THERE dwells a Tod on yonder craig, And he's a Tod of might—a; He lives as well on his purchase, As ony laird or knight—a.

JOHN ARMSTRANG faid unto the Tod, An ye come near my sheep—a, The first time that I meet wi' you, It's I will gar ye greet—a.

The Tod faid to John Armstrang again, Ye dare no be sae bould—a; For'n I hear ony mair o' your din, I'll worry a' the sheep o' your sauld—a. The Tod he hies him to his craig,
And there fits he fu' croufs—a;
And for Johnie Armstrang, and a' his tykes,
He does not care a loufe—a.

RECKLE MAHUDIE.

MITHER.

WHERE will we get a wife to you?

My auld fon RECKLE MAHUDIE.

SON.

Wha but MAGGIE a-yont the burn, She'll make a wife right gudie.

MITHER.

I fear she'll be but a sober wise,

My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

SON.

I believe you'd hae me feek a king's dochter, But foul fa' me if I dudie.

MITHER.

O what'll you hae to your wadden feast?

My auld fon RECKLE MAHUDIE.

SON.

A pint of brose and a good fa't herring, It'll make a feast right gudie.

MITHER.

I fear it'll be but a sober feast,

My auld son RECKLE MAHUDIE.

SON.

I believe you'd hae me hae baith fodden and roaft, But foul fa' me if I dudie.

MITHER.

O wha'll you hae at your wadden,

My auld fon RECKLE MAHUDIE?

SON.

Wha but MAGGIE an mysell, It'll make a wadden right gudie.

MITHER.

I fear it'll be but a fober wadden, My auld fon RECKLE MAHUDIE.

SON.

I believe you'd hae me hae an host of folk, But foul fa' me gin I dudie.

THE prettiest laird in a' the west,
And that was Bonnymoon;
And Teukston was courageous,
Cry'd for a wanton quean:

And Boysac he was tender, And might nae byde nae wear; And yet he came courageously, Without or dread or fear.

O Boysac gin ye die,

O Boysac gin ye die,

O I'se put on your winding sheet, Fine Hollan it shall be.

I'd rather hae Red-Castle And a red rose in his hand, Before I'd hae ye, Boysac, Wi' thretty ploughs of land.

O Boysac, gin ye die,

O Boysac, gin ye die,

O I'se put on your winding sheet, Fine Hollan it shall be.

And there she's lean'd her back to a thorn,
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
And there she has her baby born,
Ten thousand times good night, and be wi' thee.

She has houked a grave ayont the fun,
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
And there she has buried the sweet babe in,
Ten thousand times good night, and be wi thee.

And she's gane back to her father's ha',
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
She's counted the leelest maid o' them a',
Ten thousand times good night and be wi' thee.

O look not fae sweet, my bonny babe,
Oh, and alas-a-day! Oh, and alas-a-day!
Gin ze smyle fae ze'll smyle me dead;
Ten thousand times good night and be wi' thee.

Tune, Pease Strae.

THE country fwain that haunts the plain,
Driving the lightfome plow;
At night though tired, with love all fired,
He views the lassie's brow.
Whan morning comes, instead of drums,
The flails flap merrilie;
To raise the maids out o' their beds,
To shake the pease-strae.

Fair JENNY raife, put on her claife,
Syne tuned her voice to fing;
She fang fae fweet, wi' notes compleat,
Gard a' the echoes ring;
And a' the males lay by their flails,
And dance most merrily;
And bless the hour that she had power
To shake the pease-strae.

The musing swain disturb'd in brain, Fast to her arms he flew, And strave a while, then wi' a smile, Sweet Jenny red in hue, She said right ast, I think ye're dast,
That tempts a lassie sae;
Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang,
And shake the pease-strae.

My heart, faid he, fair wounded be,
For thee, my JENNY fair;
Without a jest, I get nae rest,
My bed it proves a snare.
Thy image fine, presents me syne,
And takes a' rest me frae;
And while I dream, in your esteem
You reckon me your fae.

Which is a fign ye will be mine,

Dear Jenny fay nae na;

But foon comply, or else I die,

Sae tell me but a flaw,

If you can love, for none above

Thee I can fancy sae,

I would be blest if I but wist,

That you would shake my strae.

Then JENNY smil'd, said, You're beguil'd, I canna fancy thee;
My minny bauld, she would me scauld,
Sae dinna die for me.
But yet I own I am near grown,
A woman; since its sae,
I'll marry thee, syne you'll get me
To shake your pease-strae.

GLOSSARY.



OR

EXPLANATION of the Scotch Words.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an lafter an a or u, the l is rarely founded.

Scots.	Englist
A'Ba,	A L L. Ball.
Ca,	Call.
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall
Fou, or Fu,	Full.
Pou, or Pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wool

II. The I changes to a, w, or u, after o, or a, and is frequently funk before another confonant; as,

Scots.	English.
BAwm, Bauk,	BAlm. Baulk.
Bouk,	Bulk.
Bow,	Boll
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Vol. II.	(16)

English. Scots. Cow, Coll, or Clip. Faut, Fault. Falle. Fause, Folk. Fowk, Fawn, Fallen. Gold. Gowd. Haff, Half. Hole, or Hollow. How, Holms. Howms, Malt Maut, Poll. Pow, Row, Roll. Scold. Scawd, Stoln. Stown, Walk. Wawk,

III. An o before ld, changes to a or au; as,

Scots. A Uld, Bauld, Cauld, Fauld, Hald, or had, Sald, Tald,	English OLD. Bold. Cold. Fold. Hold. Sold. Told.
	Told. Would.

Some general Rules, &c.

IV. The o, oe, ow, is changed to a, ae, or ai; as,

242

Scots. English. ONE. AE, or ane, Aeten, Oaten. Aff, Off. Aften, Often. Aik, Oak. Aith, Oath. Ain, or awn, Own. Alane, Alone. Amaift, Almost. Amang, Among. Airs, Oars. Aites. Oats. Apen, Open. Awner, Owner. Bain, Bone. Bair, Bore. Baith, Both. Blaw. Blow. Braid, Broad. Claith, Cloth. Craw, Crow. Drap, Drop. Fae, Foe. Frae, Fro, or from. Gae, Go. Gaits. Goats. Grane, Groan. Haly, Holy. Hale, Whole. Halesome. Wholesome. Hame, Home. Hait, or het, Hot. Laith, Loath. Laid, Load. Lain, or len, Loan. Lang, Long. Law, Low. Mae, Moe. Maift, Most. Mair, More. Mane, Moan. Maw, Mow. N2, No. Nane, None.

Scots. English Nothing. Naithing. l'ape, Pope. Rac, Roe. Rair, Roar. Raip, Rope. Raw, Row. Soft. Saft, Saip, Soap. Sair, Sore. Sang, Song. Slaw, Slow. Snaw, Snow. Strake, Stroak. Stole. Staw. Stane, Stone Soul Saul, Tac, Toe. Taiken, Token. Tangs, Tongs. Tap, Top. Thrang, Throng. Wac, Woe. Wame, Womb. Wan, Won. War, Worfe. Wark, Work. World. Warld, Wha, Who.

V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots. English. A Nither, A Nother. Bull. Bill, Birn, Burn. Brither, Brother. Fit, Foot. Fither. Fother. Hinny, Honey. Ither, Other. Mither, Mother. Nits, Nuts. Nife. Nose. Pit, Put. Rin, Run. Sin, Sun.

(A)

A

BLINS, perhaps. Aboon, above. Abbey, the precincts of the Abbey of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh, is a fanctuary for debitors, who are fometimes humouroufly termed, Abbey-Lairds. Abee, let abee, let alone, desist, cease. Aefauld, fincere, without guile. Afore, before, Afterhind, thereafter. Ahint, behind. Air, long fince, early. up, foon up in the morn-Airts, points of the compaís. A'ms, alms. Amry, a cup-board. Anew, enough. Ark, a corn or meal chest. Arles, earnest of a bargain. Ase, ashes. Afteer, flirring. At ains, or anes, at once, at the fame time. Attour, besides. Awfome, frightful, terrible. A-will, of itself, of its own accord. Auld-farran, ingenious. Austie, austere, harsh.

Aurglebargin, to contend and wrangle.

A-wie, a little.

Ayont, beyond.

В

BADRANS, a cat. Baid, staid, abode. Bagrie, trash. Bairns, children. Band, bond. Bang, is fometimes an action of hafte. We say, he or it came wi' a bang.-A bang also means a great number. Of customers she had a bang. Bangl'd up, swelled. Bangster, a blustering roaring person. Bannocks, a fort of bread thicker than cakes, round. Baps, rolls of bread. Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark. Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion. Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow. Batts, cholic. Bawbee, halfpenny. Barley-brie, ale or beer. Bauch, forry, indifferent.

Bawly, hawland-fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face.

Bawty, a dog's name.

Bedeen, immediately, in haste.

Begoud, began.

Begrutten, all in tears.

Beik, to bask.

Beild, or beil, a shelter.

Bein, or been, wealthy. been house, a warm well fornished one.

Beit, or beet, to help, repair.

Begunk, a trick.

Bells, bubbles.

Belt, a girdle.

Beltan, the 3d of May, or Roodday.

Ban, curse.

Ben, the inner room of a house.

Bennison, bleffing.

Bensell, or bensail, force.

Bend, draught.

Bent, the open field.

Beuk, baked.

Beurith, fomewhat in the mean time.

Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.

Bigg, build. Bigget, built. Biggings, buildings.

Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.

Billy, brother.

Borrostown, a town or borrough.

Byre, a byar, a cow-stall.

Birks, birch-trees.

to drink. Common Birle. people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it, birling a bawbee.

Birn, a burnt mark.

Birn, the stalks of burnt heath.

Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noife.

Birs'd, bruifed.

Bittle, or beetle, a wooden mell for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.

Black-a-vic'd, of a black com-

plexion.

Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.

Blasind leather, tanned leather.

Blastum, beguile.

Blate, bashful.

Blatter, a rattling noise.

Bleech, to blanch or whiten.

Bleer, to make the water.

Bleez, blaze.

Blether, foolish discourse. Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called blethering.

Blin, cease. Never blin, never have done.

Blinkan, the flame rifing and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted. Twinkling.

Blink, a glance of the eye, a ray of light.

Boak, or boke, vomit.

Boal, a little press or cup-board in the wall.

Bodin, or bodden, provided or furnished.

Bodle, one fixth of a penny

English.

Blind-harrie, a game at romps.

Bodword, an ominous message. Bodwords are now used to express ill-natured messages.

Blob, a drop. Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.

Bonny, beautiful.

Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.

Boss, empty.

Bouk, bulk, carcafe.

Bow, or boll, a measure equal to a fack.

Brankand, gay.

Bouze, to drink.

Brochen, a kind of watergruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.

Brae, the fide of a hill, bank of a river.

Braird, the first sprouting of corns.

Brander, a gridiron.

Brands, calves of the legs.

Brankan, prancing, a caper-

Branks, wherewith the ruftics bridle their horfes.

Brattle, noife, as of horfefeet.

Brats, rags.

Braw, brave, fine in apparel.

Breeks, breeches.

Brecken, fearn.

Brent-brow, fmooth high fore-

head.

Bridal, wedding.

Brigs, bridges.

Briss, to press.

Brock, a badger.

Broe, broth.

Brie, soup, sauce.

Browden, fond.

Browster, brewer.

Browst, a brewing.

Bruliment, a broil.

Buckled, yoked in marriage.

Bucky, the large fea-fnail. A term of reproach when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a thrawn bucky.

Buff, nonsense. As, He blether'd buff.

Bught, the little fold where the ews are inclosed at milking-time.

Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a fpring head, or noise of a rising tide.

Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.

Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or fort of



-: same, bypan By-word, a pro Bees, humours, Bun, the posteric But and ben, this end of the houl Blyth, chearful. Broach, a brooch Balow, hush: Bas peace, there is ti phrase to still chi Bobit, curtified. Belyve, presently. Bid, pray for, defire. Bledoch, butter milk. Bowgil, a horn. Brand, sword. Bruke, possels, enjoy. Binge, do obeyfance. Bute, advantage. Blutter, blunder. Brecham, the collar of a Bridgl-ren-!

Castocks, the core and stalk of cabbages.

Chiel, a general term, like fellow, used sometimes with respect; as, He's a very good chiel; and contemptuously, as, That chiel.

Chirm, chirp and fing like a bird.

Chitter, to shiver, to gnash the teeth.

Chucky, a hen.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clatter, chatter.
Claught, took hold.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, scratch.
Claife, clothes.
Clead, to cloath.

Cleeding, cloathing.

Cleck, hatch.

Cleek, to catch as with a hook.

Cleugh, a den betwixt two rocks.

Clinty, hard, stony.

Clock, a beetle.
Clotted, the fall of any fost moist thing.

Closs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, the little lump that rifes on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.

Clute or cloot, hoof of cows or sheep.

Cockit, cocked.

Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood.

Cod, a pillow. Coft, bought.

Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Coodies, a small wooden vessel, used by some for chamberpots.

Coof, a stupid fellow.

Coor, to cover. Coot, the ankle.

Coofer, a ston'd horse.

Coost, did cast. Coosten, thrown.

Corby, a raven.

Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place.

Couter, the coulter of a plow.

Cotter, a subtenant.

Cowp, to fall; also a fall.

Cowp, to change, barter.

Cowp, a company of people; as, merry, fenfeless, corky cowp.

Cour, to croutch and creep.

Couth, frank and kind.

Crack, to chat.

Craig, a rock.

Craig, neck. Cog, a pail. Creel, a basket. Crish, greeze. Croil, a crooked dwarf. Croon or cruve, to murmur or hum over a fong. The lowing of bulls. Crouse, bold. Crove, a little hutch or lodge. Crove, a cottage. Crummy, a cow's name. Cryn, shrink or become less by drying. Cryned, contracted, shrunk. Cudeigh, a bribe, present. Culzie, intice or flatter. Cummers, goffips. Cun, to taste, learn know. Cunzie or coonie, coin. Curn, a small parcel. Cursche, a kerchies. A linen dress, wore by our Highland Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship. Cutts, lots. These are usually made of straws unequally cut. Cutty, short.

D

DAB, a proficient.
Dad, to best one thing

against another. He sell wi a dad. He dadded his head against the wall, &c. Dad, a large piece. Daddy, father. Daft, foolish, and sometimes wanton. Daffin, folly, waggery. Dail or dale, a valley, a plain, a share. Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman. Dander, wander to and fro, or faunter. Dang, did ding, beat, thrust, drive. Ding dang, moving hastily one on the back of another. Danton, affright. Darn, to hide. Darna, dare not. Dash, to put out of countenance. Dawty, a fondling, darling, To dawt, to cocker, and caress with tenderness. Deary, little dear, a term of endearment. Deave, to sun the ears with noise. Dees, dairy maids. Deray, merriment, jollity, folemnity, tumult, disorder, noife. Dern, secret, hidden, lonely. Deval, to descend, fall, hurry,

deful

OSSARY. 249

Dight, checked, made ready; Douse, folid, grave, prudent. also to clean.

Dike, a wall.

Din, noise.

Dinna, do not.

Dings, excells.

Dirgie, a funeral festival.

Dic'd, weaved in figures like dice.

Dirle, a smarting pain quickly

Disjoin, breakfast.

Dit, to stop or close up a hole.

Divet, broad turf.

Docken, a dock (the herb).

Doilt, confused and filly.

Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.

Doggie, a little dog.

Dole, a large piece, dole or share.

Donk, moist.

Donsie, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person

Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.

Dool, pain, grief.

Dorts, a proud pet.

Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged.

Dosen'd, cold, impotent.

Dought, could, avail'd.

Doughty, strong, valiant, and able.

Douks, dives under water.

Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.

Dow. dove.

Dow'd (liquor) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant).

Dowff, mournful wanting vivacity.

Dowie, melancholy, sad, dole-

Downa, dow not; i. e. tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to it.

Dowp, the arfe, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. Better haff egg dowp.

Drammock and crowdie, meal kneaded with water.

Draff, brewers grains.

Draggled, draiket; dirtied, bespattered.

Drant, to speak flow, after a fighing manner.

Drce, to fuffer, endure.

Dreery, wearisome, frightful.

Dreigh, flow, keeping at a distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call, dreigh. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drie, suffer.

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.

Droning, fitting lazily,

moving heavily. Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drenched, all wet.

Drowket, drenched, draggled.

Dubs, mire.

Duds, duddies, rags, tattered garments.

Dulfe, fea-weed.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, stroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Durk, a poignard or dagger.

Dynles, trembles, shakes.

Dyver, a bankrupt.

Endlang, along.

Erd, earth.

Ergh, fcrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a fteady refolution.

Erft, time paft.

Eftler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call, eftler work.

Ether, an adder.

Ethercap, a wasp.

Ettle, to aim, design.

Even'd, compar'd.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

Ē

FAGS, incites, stirs up. Eam, uncle. Eard, earth, the ground. Earn, yern. Edge (of a hill) is the fide or top. Ec-brie, eye-brow. Een, cyes. Eild, age. Eildeens, of the same age. Eistlin, eastern. Eith, easy. Eithar, easier. Elbuck, elbow. Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies. Elson, a shoemaker's awl. Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts. Elwand, the measure of an ell, or yard.

F

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice. Fae, a foe, an enemy. Fadge, a spongy fort of bread, in shape of a roll. Fag, to tire, or turn weary. Fail, thick turf, fuch as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c. Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, Fain would I. Also joyful, tickled with pleafure. Fait, neat, in good order. Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befal him. Fang, the talons of a fowl. To fang, to grip, or hold fast. Farles, cakes.

Fash, vex or trouble. Fashious, troublesome. Faugh, a colour between white and red. Faugh riggs, fallow ground. Fauld, fence, inclosure. Feck, a part, quantity; as, Maist feck, the greatest number; nae feck, very few. Feckless, seeble, little, and weak. Feed or fead, feud, hatred, quarrel Feint, the feint a bit, the never a bit. Feinzie, feign. Fen, shift. Fending, living by industry. Make a fen, fall upon methods. Ferlie, wonder. Fernzier, the last or forerun year. File, to defile or dirty. Fire-fang'd, burnt. Fireflaught, a flash of lightning. Fistle, to stir. A stir. Fitsted, the print of the foot. Fizzing, whizzing. Flae-lugged, q. d. he has a flea in his ear. Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as

birds with their wings.
Flags, flashes, as of wind and

fire.

Flane, an arrow. Flang, flung. Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground. Flaw, lie or fib. Fleetch, to cox or flatter. Fleg, fright. Flewet, a smart blow. Fley or flie, to affright. Fleyt, afraid or terrified. Flighteren, fluttering. Flinders, splinters. Flit, to remove. Flite or flyte, to scold, chide. Flet, did scold. Flowks, foal-fish. Flushes, floods. Fog. mols. Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light. Forby, besides. Forebears, forefathers, cestors. Forfairn, abused, befpattered. Forfaughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting. Forgainst, opposite to. Forgether, to meet, encounter. Forleet, to forfake or forget. Forestam, the forehead. Fouth, abundance, plenty. Fow, full, drunk. Fozy, spungy, fost. Frais, to make a noise. We use to say, One makes a frais, when they



Fudder, 128 lb.
large quantity.
Fuff, to blow. Fuf
Furder, prosper.
Furlot, a measure,
4th of a boll.
Furthy, forward.
Fufli, brought.
Furlet, four pecks.
Fute braid fawing, cc
a foot-breadth.
Fyk, to be restless, une

G

GAB, the mouth.

Gab sae gash.

Gabbing, pratting per give faucy returns a primanded.

Gabbocks, large —

Girdle, an iron-plate for toasting oat-bread.

Girn, to grin, fnarl; also a fnare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow. Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the glaiks, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, sascination. When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said, to cast glamour over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, oozy matter.

Gled, kite.

Glee, to squint.

Glee, mirth.

Gleg, sharp, quick, active.

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.

Glengore, the foul disease.

Glib, fmooth, fliding.

Gloom, to feoul or frown.

Glowming, the twilight, or evening-gloom.

Glowr, to stare, look stern.

Glunsh, to hang the brow, and grumble.

Goolie, a large knife.

Gooshet, the clock of a stocking.

Vol. II.

Gorlings or gorblings, young unfledged birds.

Goffie, goffip.

Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.

Gowans, daisies.

Gowden, golden.

Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or found blow on the chops, we call a Gows on the hasset.

Grape, a stable-rake.

Gutcher, grandfather.

Gouk, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtless sellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a gowk.

Gowl, a howling, to bellow and

cry.

Gously, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.

Grany, grandmother, any old woman.

Grane, to groan.

Grape, a trident fork; also to grope.

Gravy, sauce.

Gree, prize, victory.

Green, to long for.

Greet, to weep. Grat, wept.

Grieve, an overfeer.

Grip, to hold fast.

Groff, grofs, coarfe.

Grotts, mill'd oats.

Grouf, to lie flat on the

belly.

V

glunshe, to Grounche or grudge. Grutten, wept. Grit, great. Gryse, a pig. Gumption, good sense. Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.) Grunzie, fnout Gefened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness. Gytlings, young children. Gusty, savoury. Graith all kinds of instruments.

H

HAffet, the check, fide of the head. Hawick gill. A gill is a measure for spirits, containing half a pint. A Hawick gill is a double gill, fo named from the town of Hawick. Hole, stockings. Halucket, crazy. Haddock, a small fish. Hinny, honey. Hald, dwelling, tenement. Hodling, hobling. Hass-bane, breast-bone. Has-mark bridal-band, clandestine marriage. Hap, covering. Heartsome, gladsome, pleasant.

Hawflock, wool next the windpipe. Haith, in faith. Heh! hah! Heffs, lodges. Hawkies, cows. Halflin, partly. Hool, the shell Hodden-gray, a coarie cloth. Hap, cover. Herried, plundered. Hubbilschow, confusion, uproar. Hide, skin. Heck, a rack. Hog, a sheep of two years old. Hoble shoon, clouted shoes. Hagabag, coarfe table linen. Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the stomack bag. Hags, hacks, peat-pits, breaks in mosfy ground. Hain, to fave, manage narrowly. Halesome, wholesome. Hale, whole. Halanshakers, ragamustins. Hameld, domestic. Hamely, friendly, frank, open, Hanty, convenient, handsome. Harle, drag. Harns, brains. Harn-pan, the **fcull**

Harship, ruin. Hause, to embrace. Hash, a sloven. Haveren, or havrel, id. valleys, or low grounds on the fides of rivers. Heal or heel, health, or whole. Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight. Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A heezy is a good lift. Heft, handle. Hestit, accustomed to live in a place. Heght, promised; also named. Hempy, a tricky wag, fuch for whom the hemp grows. Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled. Hefp, a clasp or hook, bar, or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads. Hether-bells, the heath-bloffom. Heugh, a rock or steep hill; alfo, a coal-pit. Hiddils or hidlings, lurking, hiding places. To do a thing in hidlings, i. e. privately. Hirple, to move flowly and Jee, to incline to one fide.

lamely.

cattle.

Hirsle, or hirdsale, a slock of

Ho, a fingle stocking.

Hobbleshew, a confused rout, noise. Hool, husk. Hool'd, inclosed. Hooly, flow. Host or whost, to cough. How or hu, a cap or roof-How, low ground, a hollow. How! ho! Howdered, hidden. Howdy, midwife. Howk, to dig. plains, Howms, river-OF fides. Howt! fy. Howtowdy, a young hen. Hurkle, to crouch, or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare. Hurl-barrow, a wheel-barrow. Hut, a hovel Hyt, mad.

J

TACK, jacket. Jog, to prick as with a pin. Jaw, a wave or gush of water. Iceshogles, icicles. To jee back and fore, is to move like a balance up and down, to this and the other side.

Jig, to crack, make a noise like Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy. a cart-wheel. Jimp, slender. Jip, gypsie. Ilk, each. Ilka, every. In-kneed, crook-kneed. Jow, the toll of a bell. Ingan, onion. Ingle, fire. Jo, sweetheart. Towk, a low bow. Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy. I'fe, I fhall. I'll, I will. Isles, embers. Jute, sour or dead liquor. Jupe, to mock. Gibe, taunt. Ill-far'd, ugly. Jack, a piece of armour.

K

K Ale or kail, colewort, and fometimes broth. Kacky, to dung. Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls. Kame, comb. Kanny or conny, fortunate; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly. Kebbuck, a cheefe.

Kedgy, jovial Keel, red chalk. Keek, to peep. Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool. Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time. Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within ken, i. c. within view. Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches. Junt, a large joint or piece of Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one. Kith, and kin, kindred. Kiest, did cast. Vid. Coost. Kilted, tuck'd up. Kimmer, a semale gossip Kirn, a churn, to churn. Kist, chest Kirtle, an upper petticoat. Kitchen, all forts of eatables except bread. Kit, a wooden vessel, hooped and staved. Kittle, difficult, mysterious, obscure (writings). Kittle, to tickle, ticklish. Knacky, witty and facetious. Knoit, to beat or strike sharply. Knoos'd, buffeted and bruifed. Knooft or knuift, a large lump. Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob. Knuckles, only used in Scotch for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand. Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears. Ky, kine or cows. Kyth, to appear. He'll kyth in his ain colours. Kyte, the belly.

Knockit, beat, bruifed.

L

neck.

I Aggert, bespattered, covered with clay. Laigh, low. Laith, loath, forry. Lane, my lane, by myself. Late-wake, a fort of festival at watching a corpfe. Laird, a gentleman of estate. Lack, want Lak or lack, undervalue, contemn; as, He that laks my mare, would buy my mare. Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic. Lane, alone. Langour, languishing, melan- Liggs, lyes. (17)

choly. To hold one out of langour, i. e. to divert him. Langfome, tirefome, tedious. Langkale, coleworts uncut. Lap, leaped. Lapper'd, curdled or clotted. Lare, a place for laying, or that has been lain in. Lare, bog. Lair, learning. Lave, the rest or remainder. Lawin, a tavern reckoning. Kurches, a covering for the Lawland, low country. Lavrock, the lark. Lawty or lawtith, justice, fidelity, honesty. Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal A leal heart never lied. Leam, flame. Lear, learning, to learn. Lee, untilled ground; also, an open graffy plain, leez. Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle. Leman, a lover. Lemmane, a mistress. Leugh, laughed. Lew-warm, lukewarm. Libbit, gelded. Lick, to whip or beat; item, a wag or cheat, we call a great Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie. Lift, the fky or firmament.

Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument of musick; hence, Lilt up a spring. Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily. Limmer, a whore. Limp, to halt. Lin, a cataract. Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop. cord, shoemakers' Lingle, threed. Linkan, walking speedily. Lintwhites, linnets. Lint-tap, lint on the distaff. Lang-syne, long ago. Let, hinderance. Lire, breasts; item, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complection of the face. Lirk, a wrinkle or fold. Lisk, the flank. Lith, a joint. Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows. Loch, a lake. Loo, to love, or lue, Loof, the hollow of the hand. Looms, tools, instruments in

general, vessels.

Lown, calm. Keep lown, be

Loot, did let.

Low, flame.

fecret.

Lowan, flaming.

Loun, rogue, whore, villain. Lounder, a found blow. Lout, to bow down, making courtefy. To floop. Luck, to inclose, thut up, fasten. Hence Lucken-handed. close-fisted; Lucken Gowns, Booths, &c. Lucky, grandmother or goody. Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel. Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle. Lum, the chimney. Lure, rather. Lurdan, lazy fot Lyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M

Maik or make, match, equal.
Maiklefs, matchlefs.

Mailen, a farm.

Makly, feemly, well-proportioned.

Makfna, it is no matter.

Malifon, a curfe, malediction.

Mangit, gall'd or bruifed by toil or ftripes.

Manfworn, perjured.

Mantile, a lady's mantle or cloak.

Mank, a want.

March or merch, a landmark, border of lands.

Mavis, thrufh.

Marrow, mate, lover Muck, dung. Meikle, much, great. Mou, mouth.

Monfmeg, a very large ancient piece of ordnance, so called, which was lately transported from the castle of Edinburgh to the tower of London. It was of an enormous bore; and if we rightly remember was formed of pieces of iron, fitted together length-ways, and hooped with iron rings; this being the plan of all the first pieces of artillery, which fucceeding the battering engines of the ancients, were employed, like these, in throwing stones of a prodigious weight.

Meal-kail, foup with pot-herbs and meal.

Mill, a snuff-box.

Mawn, mown.

Mittens, worsted gloves.

Munandy, monday.

Mottie, spotted, defiled.

Misluck, misfortunes.

Minnin, minnow.

Maries, waiting-maids.

Maister, pils.

Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.

Mask, to mash, in brewing.

Masking-loom, mash-vat.

Maun, must. Mauna, faust not, may not.

Meikle, much, big, great, large.

Meith, limit, mark, fign.

Mends, fatisfaction, revenge, retaliation. To make a-mends, to make a grateful return.

Mense, discretion, fobriety, good - breeding. Mensson, mannerly.

Menzie, company of men, army, affembly, one's followers.

Messen, a little dog, lap-dog.

Mell, a mallet

Midding, a dunghill.

Midges, gnats, little flies.

Mim, affectedly modest. Mint, aim, endeavour.

Mirk, dark.

Milk-fyth, milk-ftrainer.

Minny, mother.

Miscaw, to give names.

Mischance, missortune.

Misken, to neglect, or not take notice of one; also, let alone.

Mislushous, malicious, rough. Misters, necessities, wants.

Mony, many.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mool, to crumble. To mool in, to partake.

Moup, to eat, generally ufed of children, or of old

people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but flow.

Mow, a pile or bing, as of feuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.

Mows, jests.

Muckle, see Meikle.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, cois.

Mutchken, an English pint.

N

NAcky or knacky, clever, active in small affairs. Nafay, denial. Neele, nole. Nettle, to fret or vex. Newfangle, fond of a new thing. New-mawn, new-mow'd. Nevel, a found blow with the fift Nick. bite cheat. to or Nicked, cheated; also, as a cant word to drink heartily; as. He nicks fine. Niest, next. Niffer, to exchange or barter. Niffnafan, trifling. Nignays, trifles. Nips, bits. Nither, to straiten. Nithered, hungered, or half-starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fift.
Nivefow, a handful.
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.
Noit, see Knoit.
Nook, corner.
Nor, than.
Nowt, cows, kine.
Nowther, neither.
Nuckle, new calv'd (cows).

0

OE, a grandchild. O'er or ower, too much; as, A' o'ers is vice, All excels is vicious. O'ercome, superplus. O'erput, to overcome. Ony, any. Or, fometimes used for ere, or before. Or day, i.e. before day-break. Ora, any thing over what's needful. Orp, to weep with a convultive Oughtlens, in the leaft. Owk, week. Ourlay, a cravat. Owien, oxen. Owther, either. Oxter, the arm-pit.

P

PACE, easter.
Paddock, a frog.

Paddock-ride, the fpawn of frogs.
Padell, a shovel.

Paiks, chastifement. To paik, to beat or belabour one foundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.

Pap, breaft. Take the pap, take the breaft.

Partans, crab-fish.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Paunches, tripe.

Pawky, witty, or fly in word or action, without any harm or bad defigns.

Pearlings, lace of threed. Peck, the 16th of a boll.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegh, to pant.

Pensand, thinking.

Penfy, finical, foppith, conceited.

Perfyte, perfect.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling.
To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the pett, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly petts are when in the least disobliged.

Pettled, fondled, pampered.
Pibroughs, fuch Highland tunes
as are played on bag-pipes

before them when they go out to battle.

Pig, an earthen pitcher.

Pike, to pick out, or chuse.

Pillar, the stool of repent-

Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvy.

Pine, pain or pining.

Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.

Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. Pirny (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.

Pith, strength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.

Plaid, stripped, woolen covering.

Pleen, complain.

Pleugh, plow.

Plucky-faced, pimpled.

Poortith, poverty.

Pople or paple, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.

Porridge, pottage.

Pouch, a pocket.

Pow, skull.

Powny, a little horse or galloway; also, a turky.

Powfowdie, ram-head foup.

Pratick, practice, art, stratagem. Priving pratick, trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We fay, He plaid me a pret, i. e. cheated. The callan's fou o' prets, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks. Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying. Prin, a pin. Prive, prie, to prove or taste. Propine, gift or present. Pryme or prime, to fill or Ruff Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

Q

QUAT, quit.
Quey, a young cow.
Quhittill, knife.

R

R Acket, blow, box on the

car.

Rackless, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him Rackless handed.

Rae, a roe.

Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, a loud found.

Rair, roar.

Rak or rook, a mist or fog.

Rampage, to speak and act furioully. Ranting, rouling, jolly. Rape, rope. Rashes, rushes. Ratch, hound. Rave, did rive or tear. Raught, reached. Rax, to stretch. Rax'd, reached. Ream, cream. Whence reaming; as, reaming liquor. Red up, dress adjusted. Red-wood, mad, furious. Redd, to rid, unravel. feparate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. I'm redd, I'm apprehensive. Rede, counsel, advice; as, I wad na rede ye do that. Reck, reach; also, smoke. Reeft, to ruft, or dry in the fmoke. Reft, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away. Reif, rapine, robbery. Reik or rink, a course or race. Reveled, entangled. Rever, a robber or pirate. Rew, to repent. Rewth, pity. Rice or rife, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees. Rifarts, raddishes.

Rife or ryfe, plenty.

Rift, to belch.

Rigs, ridges.

Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house.

Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins.

Ripling-kame, a comb for dreffing flax.

Rive, to rend, split, or burft.

Rock, a diftaff.

Rood, the cross.

Roofe or rufe, to commend, extol.

Roove, to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roudes, a term of reproach for an old woman.

Roundel, a witty, and often a fatyric kind of rhime.

Rowan, rolling.

Rowfled, grown stiff, or rusty. Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.

Rowth, plenty.

Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or

Rude, the red taint of the complection.

Ruefu, doleful.

Rug, to pull, take away by force.

Rumple, the rump.

Rungs, small boughs of trees, lopped off.

Runkle, a wrinkle.

Runckle, to ruffle.

S

SAebeins, feeing it is. Since. Saikless, guiltless, free, forsaken, friendless.

Sall, shall. Like foud for should.

Samen, the same.

Sand-blind, pur-blind, fhort-fighted.

Sappy, moist, liquorish.

Sark, a shirt.

Saugh, a willow or fallow-tree.

Saw, an old faying, or proverbial expression.

Scad, fcald.

Scant, scarce, small. Scanty tocher, small portion.

Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rain.

Scart, to scratch.

Scawp, a bare dry piece of flony ground.

Scon, a cake of bread.

Scouling, frowning.

Scowp, to leap or move haftily from one place to another.

Scowth, room, freedom.

Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little.

Scroggs, fhrubs, thorns, briers.

Scroggy, thorny.

Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders. Scunner, to loath. Sell, felf. Serf, vassal, servant. Seuch, furrow, ditch. Sey, to try. Seybow, a young onion. Shaggy, crooked, wry. Shan, pitiful, filly, poor. Shanks, limbs. Shanks-naigie, on foot. Sharn, cow's dung. Shave, a slice. Shaw, a wood or forest. Shawl, shallow. Shawn, shewn. Shawps, empty hufks. Sheen, shining. Shield, a shed. Shill, shrill, having a sharp found. Shin, the ancle. Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, shire; also, a clever wag, a shire lick. Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards. Shool, shovel. Shoon, shoes. Shore, to threaten, to cut. Shottle, a drawer. Sib, a-kin. Sic, fuch. Sicken, fuch. Sicker, firm, secure. Sike, a rill or rivulet, com-

Siller, filver. Sindle or finle, feldom. Singit, finged. Sinfyne, fince that time. Lang fynfyne, long ago. Skaill, to scatter. Skair, share. Skaith, hurt, damage. Skeigh, skittish. Skelf, shelf. Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Alfo, a fmall splinter of wood. Item, To flog the hips. Skiff, to move smoothly away. Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup. Skip, leap. Skipper, pilot Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice. Sklate, flate. Skailie, is a fine blue flate. Skowrie, ragged, nafty, idle. Skreed, a rent. Skybauld, a tatterdemalion. Skyt, fly out hastily. Slade or flaid, did flide, moved, or made a thing move easily. Slap or flak, a gap or narrow pass between two hills. Slap, a breach in a wall Slavering, drivelling or flobbering.

monly dry in fummer.

Sled, fledge.

Slee, fly.

Sleek, imooth.

Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.

Slerg, to bedawb or plaister.

Slid, fmooth, cunning, flippery; as, He's a flid lown. Slippy, flippery.

Slippery, fleepy.

Slonk, a mire, ditch, or flough; to wade throw a mire.

Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.

Slough, husk or coat.

Smaik, a filly little pitiful fellow; the same with smatchet.

Smirky, fmiling.

Smittle, infectious or catching.

Smoor, to fmother.

Snack, nimble, ready, clever.

Snaw-ba's, jokes, farcasms.

Sneeft, an air of disdain.

Sned, to cut.

Sneer, to laugh in derision.

Sneg, to cut; as Sneg'd off at the web's end.

Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter,

Snib, fnub, check, or reprove, correct.

Snifter, to fnuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt.

Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.

Vol. II.

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.

265

Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful groveling slave.

Snoove, to whirl round.

Snotter, fnot.

Snout, nofe.

Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.

Snut, to curl the nose in dis-

Sod, a thick turf.

Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky: fometimes used for large and lufty.

Sore, forrel, reddish-coloured.

Sorn, to fpunge.

Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.

Sough, the found of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.

Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal fowr'd amongst water for fome time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.

Sowf, to conn over a tune on an inftrument.

Sowm, a fcore of sheep.

Spae, to foretel or divine. Spaemen, prophets, augurs.

Spain, to wean from the breaft.

Z

Spait, a torrent, flood, or innundation. Spaldings, small fish, dried and Spang, a jump; to leap or Spaul, shoulder, arm. Speel, to climb. Speer, to ask, enquire. Spelder, to split, stretch, draw afunder. the place of the Spence, house where provisions are kept Spice, pride. Spill, to spoil, abuse. Spindle and whorl, instruments pertaining to a diftaff. Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder. Spraings, stripes of different colours. Spring, a tune on a mulical instrument. Sprush, spruce. Spruttl'd, speckl'd, spotted. Spung, purse. Spunk, tinder. Spurtle, a flat iron for turning cakes. Staig, a young horse. Stalwart, strong and valiant. Stang, did fling; also, a sting or pole. Stank, a pool of standing

water.

Sow-libber, fow-gelder.

Stark, strong, robust. Starns, the stars. Stara, a fmall moisty. We fay, Ne'er a starn. Stay, steep; as, set a stout heart to a flay brae. Steek, to shut, close. Stegh, to cram. Stend or sten, to move with a hasty long pace. Stent, to stretch or extend, to tax. Stick out, juts out. Stipend, a benefice. Stint, to confine. Stirk, a steer, or bullock. Stoit or stot, to rebound or reflect. Stoar, rough, horse, Stool, a feat. The stool of repentance is a conspicuous feat in the Presbychurches, terian where thole perfons who have been guilty of incontinence are obliged to appear before the congregation for feveral successfive Sundays, and receive a public rebuke from the minister. Stou, to cut or crop. A from a large cut or piece. Stound, a smarting pain or stitch. Stoup, a can. Soup, a drop, a quantity li-

quid.

Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet. To stour, to run quickly. Stowth, slealth. Strapan, clever, tall, handfome. Strath, a plain on a river side. Streek, to stretch. Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little. Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw. Stroot or strut, stuff'd full, drunk. Strunt, a pet. To take the ftrunt, to be petted or out of humour. Studdy, an anvil, or fmith's stithy. Sturdy, giddy-headed; item, strong. Sture or stoor, sliff, strong, hoarfe. Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation. Stym, a blink, or a little light of a thing. Suddle, to fully or defile. Sumph, blockhead. Sunkan, splenetic. Sunkots, something. Sutor, shoemaker. Swaird, the furface of the

Swak, to throw, cast with

grass.

force.

Swankies, clever young fellows. Swarf, to Iwoon away. Swap, to exchange. Swash, squat, suddled. Swatch, a pattern. Swats, small ale. Swecht, burden, weight, force. Sweer, lazy, flow. Sweeties, confections. Swelt, fuffocated, choaked to death. Swith, begone quickly. Swinger, stout wencher. Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that. Sybows, a species of small onions. Syne, afterwards, then.

T

TACKEL, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Tane, taken.
Tane, the one.
Taiken, token.
Tangles, fea-weed.
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distass, is called a Linttap.
Tape, to use any thing sparingly.

^{*} Sic Original Edition; printer's error.

Tappit-hen, the Scotch quart stoup.

Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.

Tartan, cross stripped stuff of various colours, checkered, The Highland plaid.

Tass, a little dram-cup.

Tate, a fmall lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, to mock.

Tawpy, a foolish wench.

Taz, a whip or scourge.

Ted, to scatter, spread.

Tee, a little earth, on which gamesters at the gowf set their balls before they strike them off.

Teen or Tynd, anger, rage, forrow.

Tensome, the number of ten.

Tent, attention. Tenty, cautious.

Teugh, tough.

Thack, thatch. Thacker, thatcher.

Thae, those.

That, thore.

Tharms, fmall tripes.

Theek, to thatch.

Thir, these.

Thirled, bound, engaged.

Thole, to endure, fuffer.

Thouse, thou shalt.

Thow, thaw.

Thowless, unactive, filly, lazy, heavy.

Thraw-crook, a crooked flick for twifting hay or ftraw ropes.

Thrawart, froward, crofs, crabbed.

Thrawin, stern and crossgrained.

Threep, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.

Thud, a blaft, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. Cry'd, heh at ilka thud; i. e. gave a groan at every blow.

Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, He took the tid.

Tift, good order, health.

Tight, neat

Tine, to lose. Tint, lost.

Tike, dog.

Tinkler, tinker.

Tinfel, loss.

Tip, 'or tippony, ale fold for 2d. the Scotch pint.

Tirl at the pin, rap with the knocker.

Tirl or tir, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a Tirle; as, They took a tirle of dancing, drinking, &c.

Titty, fifter.

Tocher, portion, dowry.

Tod, a fox.

Todling, reeling, tottering.

Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.

Toom, empty; applied to

a barrel, purie, house, &.c. Item, to empty.

Tosh, tight, neat.

Tovy, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.

To the fore, in being, alive, unconfumed.

Touse or touzle, to rumple, teaze.

Tout, the found of a horn or trumpet.

Tow, a rope. A Tyburn neck-lace, or St Johnstoun ribband.

Towmond, a year or twelvemonth.

Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.

Trig, neat, handsome.

Troke, exchange.

True, to true, trust, believe; as, True, ye fael or Love gars me true ye.

Trencher, wooden platter.

Tryst, appointment.

Twin, to part with, to separate from.

Twitch, touch.

Twinters, sheep of two years old.

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, vide Teen.

Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure.

U

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate. Ugíome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.

Umwhile, the late, or deceased, fome time ago. Of old.

Undocht or wandocht, a filly, weak person.

Uneith, not eafy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharneffed.

Unko, or unco, uncouth, strange.

Unloofome, unlovely.

Vougy, elevated, proud. That boatts or brags of any thing.

W

WAD or wed, pledge, wager, pawn; alfo, would.

Waff, wandering by itself.

Wak, moist, wet.

Wakrife, wakeful

Waladay! alas! welloday!

Wale, to pick and chuse. The wale, i. c. the best.

Wallets, bags.

Wallop, to move swiftly, with

much agitation.

Wally, chosen, beautiful, large.

A bonny wally, i. c. a fine thing.

Wame, womb.

Wamill, stomach turns.

Wandought, want of dought, impotent.

Wancafe, uneafinefs. Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace. Wap, a sudden stroke. War, worfe. Ware, goods, to spend. Warlock, wizard. Wat or wit, to know. Waught a large draught. Waughts, drinks largely. Wearifu', woeful. Wee, little; as, A wanton wee thing. Wean or wee ane, a child. Ween, thought, imagined, supposed. Weer, to stop or oppose. Weir, war. Weird, fate or destiny. Weit, rain. Wersh, insipid, wallowish, wanting falt. Westlin, western. Whang, a large portion of any thing. Whauk, whip, beat, flog. Whid, to fly quickly. A whid is a hasty flight. Whilk, which. Whilly, to cheat. Whillywha, a cheat. Whinging, whining, speaking with a doleful tone.

Whinger, hanger.

Whift, husht. Hold your peace.

Whins, furze.

While, to pull out hashily. turned uplide Whomlit, down. Wight, stout, clever, active, item, a man or person. Wilks, perriwinkles. Wimpling, a turning backward and foreward, winding like the meanders of a river. Win or won, dwell. Winna, will not. Winnocks, windows. Winfom, gaining, defirable, agreeable, complete, large; we fay, My winfome love. Wirrykow, a bugbear. Wisent, parched, dry, withered. Wistle, to exchange (money). Withershins, cross motion, or against the sun. Won, to reside, to dwell. Woo or W, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, z, a, e, w; (i. e.) Is it all one wool? Wood, mad. Woody, the gallows. Wordy, worthy. Wow! strange! wonderful! Wrath, a spirit, or phantom. Wreaths (of fnow),

heaps of it are blown together by the wind. Wyfing, inclining. To wyfe, to lead, train. Wyfon, the gullet. Wyte, to blame. Blame.

Y

YAMPH, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs. Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing. Yamers, a cry of sowls, as, ca, ca. Yealtou, yea wilt thou. Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yenl, earth.
Yelk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yeftreen, yesternight.
Yied, went.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowls, howlings, screams.
Yows, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.

Yule, Christmas.



I N D E X.

N. B. The Figures refer to the Page, and the Numerals to the Volume.

BOUT zule quhen the wind blew cule, i 17 As Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane. 83 As it fell out on a long fummer's day, 85 As I was walking all alone, 95 A' the boys of merry Linkim, 96 A better mason than Lammikin, i 145 An thou wert mine ain thing, i 171 Awake, my love, with genial ray, i 188 As I came in by Tiviot-side, i 201 Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide, i 215 Ah, Chloris, could I now but fit, i 219 Ah, the shepherd's mournful fate, i 220 Adieu, for a while, my native green plains, i 242 As walking forth to view the plain, i 245 As I went forth to view the fpring, i 265 As Sylvia in a forest lay, i 270 As from a rock past all relief, i 271 At Polwart on the green, i 273 A lass that was laden'd with care, i 286 Alas, when charming Sylvia's gone, i 295 At fetting day and rifing morn, i 304 Auld Rob Morris that wins in you glen, ii 12 Altho' I be but a country lass, ii 30 A fouthland Jenny, that was right bonny, ü 83 And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, ii 84 ü A cock laird fou cadgie, 35 A ladie and a lassie, ii 87 As I fat at my spinning wheel, ü 95 An I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-fide, ü 119 Alas! my fon, you little know, ii 120

(18)

276 I N D E X.

As Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way,	ü	134
A friend of mine came here yestreen,		137
As I was a walking ae May-morning,	ü	165
As I came in by Fisherraw,	ii	181
As Patie came up frae the glen,	ii	188
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,	ü	204
As I came down bonny Tweed-side,		214
As I gaed to the well at e'en,	ii	220
And fare ye weel, my auld wife,	ü	222
As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,	ii	229
And there she's lean'd her back to a thorn,	ii	237
В		
Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,	i	65
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,	i	68
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain,	i	193
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,	i	194
Bessy's beauties shine sae bright,	i	196
By fmooth-winding Tay a fwain was reclining,	i	227
Bleft as th' immortal gods is he,		235
Blyth Jocky young and gay,		235
Bright Cynthia's power divinely great,		241
By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,		257
Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,	i	262
By Pinky house oft let me walk,	i	269
Beneath a beech's grateful shade,	i	273
By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,	i	278
Beneath a green willow's fad ominous shade,	ü	5
Blyth, blyth was she,	ä	18
But are you fure the news is true,	ü	152
Blyth young Bess to Jean did say,	ii	154
Braw, braw lads of Galla-water,	ii	202
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,	ü	221
C		
Clavers and his Highlandmen,	i	102
Clerk Colvill and his lufty dame,	i	161
Care, away gae thou frae me,	ü	34
Come carles a' of fumbler's ha',	ii	46
Come, let's hae mair wine in,	ï	94
Cauld be the rebels cast,	ü	193
Cauld kale in Aberdeen,		205
		,

I N D E X.	277
	~//
D	
Dumbarton's drums beat bonny-O,	i 209
Duty and part of reason,	i 303
Deil tak the wars that hurried Billy from me,	i 306
Down in you meadow a couple did tarrie,	li 38
Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,	ii 191
Donald Cowper and his man,	il 229
_	:
Earl Douglas, than quham nevir knicht,	i 144
Frae Dunidier as I cam through,	i 37
From Spey to the border was peace and good order,	i 45
Falle Sir John a-wooing came,	i 93
From anxious zeal and factious strife,	i 205
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,	i 250
Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,	i 256
For the lack of gold she's lest me,	i 258
From Roslin castle's echoing walls,	i 284
False luve! and hae ze played me this,	ii 6
Fy let us a' to the bridal,	ii 24
For the sake of somebody,	ii 41
G	
Gil Morrice was an erle's fon,	i I
God profper long our noble king,	i 54
Gilderoy was a bonny boy,	i 73
Good morrow, fair mistress, the beginner of strife,	ii 5
Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,	ii 42
Gie me a lass wi' a lump of land,	ii 66
Gade day now, bonny Robin,	ii 166
Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,	ii 179
Gae to the ky wi' me, Johny,	ii 203
Gi'e my love brose, brose,	ii 203
Green grows the rashes,	ii 224
H	
How blythe, ilk morn, was I to fee,	i 181
Hear me, ye nymphs and ev'ry fwain,	i 190
How sweetly smells the simmer green,	i 198
How happy is the rural clown,	i 229
Happy's the love which meets return,	i 260

.

278 I N D E X.

My dear and only love, take heed,	1	237
My foger laddie is over the sea,	i	292
My Peggy is a young thing,	i	297
My love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,	ij	2
My Jocky blyth, for what thou'st done,	ü	48
My daddy is a canker'd carl,	ä	64
Merry may the maid be,	ï	70
My sweetest May, let love incline thee,	ï	99
My Jeany and I have toil'd,	ü	107
My mither's ay glowran o'er me,	ü	118
My name is Argyll: you may think it strange,	ii	130
My daddy left me gear enough,	1	143
My love was born in Aberdeen,	ii	179
My mither fent me to the well,	ï	208
My daddy he steal'd the minister's cow,	ïi	227
My wife's a wanton wee thing,	ii	230
N		
Now fpring begins her fmiling round,	i	185
No more my fong shall be, ye swains,		282
Now Phœbus advances on high,		287
Now from rusticity and love,		302
Nanfay's to the green-wood gane,	ii	79
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,	ii	117
Now the fun's gane out of fight,		124
0		·
O listen, gude peopell, to my tale,	i	21
Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,	i	30
On July feventh, the futhe to fay,	i	49
O waly, waly, up the bank,	i	81
O wha will shoe my bonny feet,	i	149
Oh, how cou'd I venture to luve ane like thee,	i	176
O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,	i	199
Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,	i	202
On Whitfunday morning,	i	210
On Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,	÷	212
O come awa', come awa',	i	225
O had awa', had awa',	i	226
O Bell, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,		228
One day I heard Mary fay,		
and and a second event will		233

I N D E X.	279			
O Mary! thy graces and glances,	i 285			
O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn,	i 294			
O gin my love were you red rose,	ii 4			
O my bonny, bonny, May,	ii 6			
O faw ye Johny cumin, quo' she,	ii 45			
O Jeany, Jeany, where hast thou been,	ii 57			
O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,	ii 58			
O steer her up, and had her gawin,	ii 97			
O wha's that at my chamber-door,	ü 111			
O will you hae ta tartan plaid,	ii 160			
O Johny Johnston was my love,	ii 216			
O leeze me on your curly pow,	ii 215			
O lustic Maye, with Flora queen,	ii 212			
O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,	ii 208			
O have I burnt, or have I slain,	il 202			
Old King Coul was a jolly old foul,	li 183			
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,	ii 167			
Our goodman came hame at e'en,	ii 172			
O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,	ii 192			
Our king he has a fecret to tell,	ii 231			
O-as I was kift yestreen,	il 226			
O this is my departing time,	ii 225			
P				
Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,	i 258			
Peggy, now the king's come,	ii 194			
Q				
Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid,	i 63			
R				
Robin is my only joe,	i 311			
Return hameward, my heart, again,	ii 43			
Rob's Jock came to wooe our Jenny,	ii 88			
S				
Sum speiks of lords, sum speaks of lairds,	i 13			
Sound, found the music, sound it,	i 113			
Stately stapt he east the wa',	i 119			
Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,	i 131 i 148			
She has called to her her bower-maidens,				
She's prickt hersel, and print hersel,				
A a 2				

280 I N D E X.

Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,	i	177
Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,	i	279
Saw ye nae my Peggy,	i	288
Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,	i	296
Sweet Annie frae the fea-beach came,		305
Some fay that kiffing's a fin,	ii	15
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,	ii	
Sweet fir, for your courtesie,	ü	67
Somnolente, quafo repente,	ä	98
Symon Brodie had a cow,	H	230
T		
The king fits in Dumfermling toune,	i	28
There came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,	i	76
'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,	i	78
There was three ladies in a ha',	i	88
There's fome fay that we wan,		104
The chevalier, being void of fear,		109
The rain runs down thro' Mirry-land toune,		155
There gowans are gay, my joy,		
The knight stands in the stable door,		157 165
The fpring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,		175
The fmiling morn, the breathing fpring,		191
The collier has a daughter,		207
The lawland lads think they are fine,		222
The lawland maids gang trig and fine,		224
The fawland maids gaing trig and fine, Tho' for feven years and mair honour shou'd reave me,		_
'Tis not your beauty nor your wit,		232
The last time I came o'er the muir,		243
Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why,		249
The morn was fair, fast was the air,		251
'Twas fummer, and the day was fair,		254
Tho' beauty, like the rofe,		261
•		274
The lass of Peaty's mill,		275
'Twas in that feafon of the year,		283
The filent night her fables wore,		289
The bony grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,		305
'Twas early in the morning, a morning of May,	ii	II
There was a wife won'd in a glen,	ü	16

Ι \mathbf{N} \mathbf{D} E X. 281 There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound. ii 26 The carl he came o'er the crast, ü 33 The pawkie auld carle came o'er the lee, ä 49 The gyplies came to our good lord's gate, ü 54 The maltman comes on Munanday, ij 69 The meal was dear short syne. ii 76 Tis I have fev'n braw new gowns, ü 81 There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, ij 92 Tarry woo, tarry woo, ii 100 Tibby has a store of charms, ii 104 This is no mine ain house, ii 105 There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men, ü 108 The widow can bake, and the widow can brew, **ä** 112 The yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on you brac, ii 126 'Tis nae very lang finfyne, ii 136 There was a bonnie wi' laddie, ii 139 There liv'd a wife in our gate-end, **ii** 140 The ploughman he's a bonny lad, ii 144 The tailor came to clout the claife, il 145 The maid's gane to the mill by night, ii 148 There came a young man to my daddie's door, ii 150 There was a shepherd's son, ü 156 There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys, ii 169 The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee, ii 182 There was a jolly miller once, H 185 The dorty will repent, ii 192 The laird wha in riches and honour, ii 194 Twas at the shining mid-day hour, **ä** 197 The mucking of Geordy's byre, il 201 The Wren scho lyes in care's bed, ii 209 Tibby Fowler o' the glen, li 223 There gaed a fair maiden out to walk, ii 226 There's a farmer near hard by, ii 232 There dwells a tod on yonder craig, **ä** 334 The prettiest laird in a' the west, ii 236 The country swain that haunts the plain, H 238 (19)

Ι N E X. D 282

W 82 Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, i 142 When Frennet castle's ivied wall, i 167 Wha will bake my bridal bread, i 173 Wert thou but mine ain thing, i 178 When floury meadows deck the year, What numbers shall the muse repeat, i 180 i 182 When fummer comes, the swains on Tweed, When innocent pastime our pleasures did crown, i 203 i 208 When trees did bud, and fields were green, i 211 With tuneful pipe and hearty glee, Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion, i 213 Whoe'er beholds my Helen's face, i 218 Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow, i 231 When Jocky was blefs'd with your love and your truth, i 244 Whilft I alone your foul possest, i 247 When Phoebus bright the azure skies, i 251 While some for pleasure pawn their health, i 264 What beauties does Flora disclose, i 293 With broken words, and downcast eyes, i 295 When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill, i 299 Were I affur'd you'll constant prove, i 301 Weel, I agree, ye're fure of me, i 302 When hope was quite funk in despair, i 303 Wo worth the time and eke the place, i 309 When Meggy and me were acquaint, i 311 When I think on this warld's pelf, ü 19 While fops in fast Italian verse, ii 37 When we came to London town, ii 40 When I think on my lad, I figh and am fad, ü 68 Wha wadna be in love. ü 72 Whan I've a faxpence under my thum, ii 106 Where wad bonnie Annie ly, ii 110 Willie was a wanton wag, ii 113 Woo'd and married and a', ii 115 We're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet, ii 121 When we went to the field of war, ñ I22 When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,

ii 196

ش	I	N	D	E	X.		283
When first my dear Johny came to this town,					ii	205	
When the cam	e ben	the bot	bit,			ii	206
When I was a	wee tl	hing.				ii	213
Will ze go to t		•	o' Fozi	e Mozie			210
Will ye go to !					•		223
When I gaed to the mill my lane,						228	
Where will we						ii	235
	0		Y				
Ye Highlands	and ye	lawla	nds,			i	20
Ye fylvan pow	rs tha	t rule t	he plai	n,		i	188
Ye gales that g	ently '	wave th	ne fea,			i	194
Ye gods! was				left,		i	217
Ye watchful gu		_				i	221
Young Philand						i	276
You meaner be	eutyes	of the	night,			i	281
Ye blythest lad						ii	63

T H E E N D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor of the foregoing, proposes to compile

A

COLLECTION

O F

SELECT ENGLISH SONGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

APPENDIX.

1.3 1 2.5 18 18 18



APPENDIX

TO

HERD'S COLLECTION

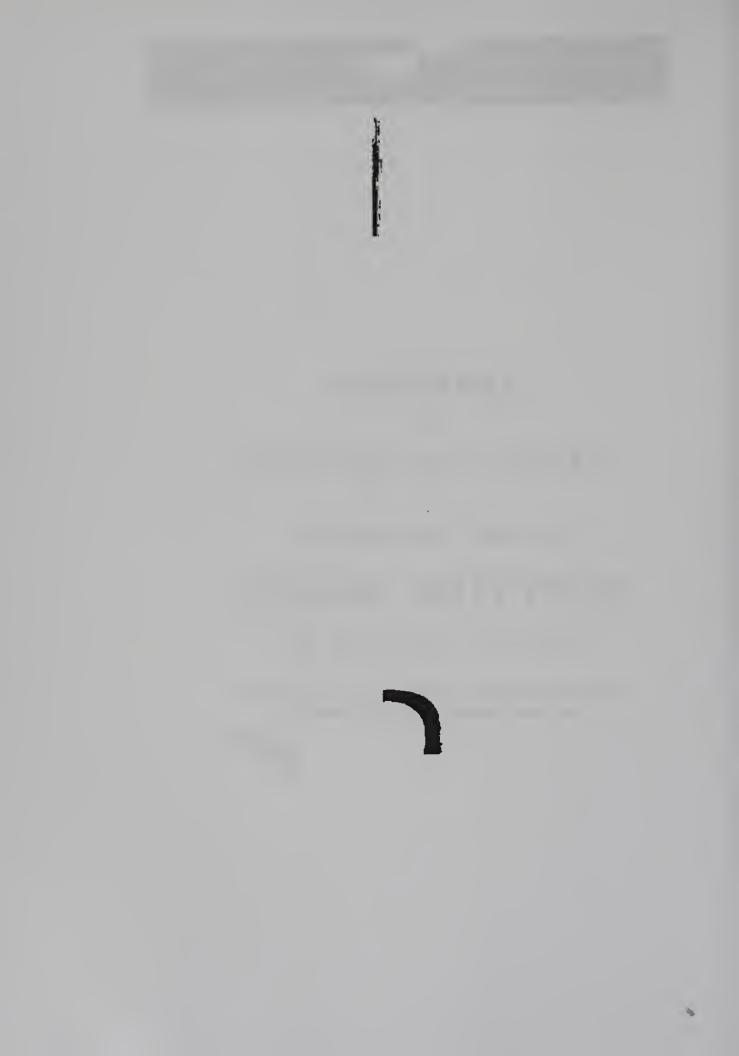
OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

SCOTTISH SONGS,

HEROIC BALLADS, &c.,

CONTAINING THE PIECES SUBSTITUTED IN THE 1791 REPRINT FOR THOSE OMITTED OF THE 1776 EDITION, &C.



APPENDIX.

The Heir of Linne.*

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a fong I will beginne:

It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthristy heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, His mother a lady of high degree; But they, alas! were dead, him froe, And he lov'd keeping companie.

To fpend the daye with merry cheare, To drinke and revell every night, To card and dice from eve to morne, It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye fpend and never fpare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselse,
 Of gold and see he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne Till all his gold is gone and fpent; And he mun fell his landes fo broad, His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And JOHN o' the Scales was called hee:
But JOHN is become a gentel-mon,
And JOHN has got both gold and see.

* This is the only piece of the 1769 Edition (p. 237) not included in that of 1776.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne, Let nought difturb thy merry cheere; Iff thou wilt fell thy landes fae broad, Good store of gold Ile give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is fpent;
My lande now take it unto thee,
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then JOHN he did him to record draw, And JOHN he gave him a godis-pennie; But for every pounde that JOHN agreed, The lande, I wis, was weil worth three.

He told him the golde upon the board, He was right glad his land to winne: The land is mine, the gold is thine, And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath fold his land fae broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonefome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For fae he to his father hecht:

My fonne when I am gonne, fayd hee,
Then thou wilt fpend thy land fae broad,
And thou wilt fpend thy golde fae free.

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heir of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, fayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friends they flunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linna.

He had never a penny left in his purse, Never a penny left but three, The tone was brass, and the tone was lead, And tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, fayd the heire of Linne, Nowe well-away, and woe is mee, For when I was the Lord of Linne, I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trufty friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftles loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, fayd the heir of Linne, Now well-away, and woe is me! For when I had my landes fae broad, On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonefome lodge,

For there my father bade me wend;

When all the world should frown on mee,

I there shold find a trusty friend.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moore and femme,
Untill he came to the lonefome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope fome comfort for to winne,
But bare and lothly were the walles:
Here's forry cheare, quo' the heire of Limne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe;
Nae shimmering sunn here ever shone;
Nae halesome breeze here ever blew

Nae chair, nae table he mote spye, Nae chearful hearth, nae welcome bed, Nought save a rope with renning noose, That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,

These words were written sae plain to see:

"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,

"And brought thyselse to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
"I therefore left this trusty friend:
"Let it now sheeld thy soule disgrace,
"And all thy shame and forrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was neare-to brast,
With guilt and forrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne, Never a word he spake but three: "This is a trusty-friend indeed, "And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe, And fprung aloft with his bodie: When lo! the cieling burst in twaine, And to the ground came tumbling hec.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money,
And over them in bread letters
These words were written sae plaine to see.

"Once more, my fonne, I fette thee clere;
"Amend thy life and follies past;
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, fayd the heire of Linne; And let it bee, but if I amend: For here I will make mine avow, This reade shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heir of Linne;
Away he went with a merry cheare:
I wis he neither stint ne stayd,
Till JOHN o' the Scales house he came neare.

And when he came to JOHN o' the Scales, Up at the speere then looked hee; There sate three lords at the bordes end, Were drinking of the wine sae free.

And then bespake the heir of Linne
To JOHN o' the Scales then louted hee:
I pray thee now, good JOHN o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone, Away, away, this may not bee; For CHRISTS curse on my head, he sayd, If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To JOHN o' the Scales wife then spake bee;
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet Saint CHARITIE.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,

I swear thou gettest nae almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then befpake a good fellowe,
Which fat at JOHNO' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
Some time thou waft a well good lord:

Sometime a good fellow thou bast been, And sparedit not thy golde and see, Therefore Ile land thee forty pence, And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, JOHNO' the Scales,
To let him fit in thy companee:
For well I wot thou hadft his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee

Up then spake him JOHN o' the Scales, All wood he enswer'd him againe: Now CHRISTS curse on my head, her sayd, But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords see faire and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, Lords, he fait, With that he gave him a godis-penner; Now by my fay, fayd the heir of Linne, And here, good JOHN, is thy mones.

And he pull'd forth three begges of gold, And layd them down upon the bord: All woe begone was JOHN o' the Scales, Sae shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the gude red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne,
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellows.
Forty pence thou didft lend me:
Now I am agains the Lord of Linns.
And forty pounds I will give thes.

Now welladay! fayth JOAN o' the Scales, Now welladay! and woe is my life! Yesterday I was Lady of Linne, Now Ime but JOHN o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, fayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell, good JOMN o' the Scales, faid hee;
When next I want to fell my land,
Good JOHN o' the Scales Ile come to thee.

HARDYKNUTE.

PART II.

(Vol. 1-14, Ed. 1791.)

"RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
"And bring me back my chylde!"
A dolefu voice frae mid the ha'
Reculd, wi' echoes wylde.
Bestraught wi' dule and dreid, nae pouir
Had HARDYKNUTE at a';
Full thrife he raught his ported spier,
And thrife he let it sa'.

"O haly God, for his deir fake,
"Wha fav'd us on the rude"—

He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
Yet reid wi' Norland bluid.

"Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,
"Grit cause we ha to seir;
"But ay the canny serce contemn
"The hap they canna veir."

"Return, return, ye men of bluid,
"And bring me back my chylde!"
The dolefu voice frae mid the ha'
Recul'd wi' echoes wylde.
The storm grow ryfe through a' the lift
The rattling thunder rang,
The black rain showr'd, and lichtning glent
Their harnisine alang.

What feir possess their boding breests
Whan, by the gloomy glour,
The castle ditch wi' deed bodies
They saw was fill'd out owr!
Quoth HARDYKNUTK, "I wold to CHRYSTE
"The Norse had wan the day,
"Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
"Thilk bluidy seats to stay."

Wi' speid they past, and syne they recht
The base-courts sounding bound;
Deip groans sith heard, and through the mirk
Luk'd wistfully around.
The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,
Wi' sudden twinkle shane,
Whan, on the caldriff eard, they sand
The gude Sir MORDAC layn.

Besprent wi' gore, frae helm to spur,
Was the trew-heartit knicht;
Swith frae his steid sprang HARDYKNUTE
Muv'd wi' the heavy sicht.
"O say thy master's sheild in weir
"His sawmen in the ha',
"What hatefu chance cold ha the pouir
"To lay thy eild sae law!"

To his complaint the bleiding knicht
Return'd a piteous mane,
And recht his hand, whilk HARDYKNUTE
Claucht streitly in his ain:
"Gin eir ye see lord HARDYKNUTE,
"Frae MORDAC ye maun say,
"Lord DRAFFAN'S treasoun to consute
"He us'd his steddiest say."

He micht nae mair, for cruel dethe Forbad him to proceid;

"I vow to G O D, I winna fleip
"Till I fee D R A F F A N bleid.
"My fons, your fifter was owr fair;
"But bruik he fall na lang
"His gude betide; my last forbode
"He'll trow belyve na fang.

"Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth "To me your luve sae deir;

"The Norfe defeat mote weill perfuade

"Nae riever ye neid feir."
The speirmen wi' a michty shout, Cry'd, "Save our master deir!

"While he dow beir the fway bot care

"Nae riever we sall feir."

"Return, return, ye men of bluid, "And bring me back my chylde!" The dolefu voice frae mid the ha' Recul'd wi' echoes wylde. "I am to wyte, my valiant friends:"
And to the ha' they ran; The stately dore full streitly steiked · Wi' iron boltis thrie they fand.

The stately dore, thouch streitly steiked Wi' waddin iron boltis thrie, Richt fune his might can eitly gar Frae aff its hinges flie. "Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir?
"Mair wold I see her deid, "Than see her in your bridal bed, "For a' your portly meid.

"What thouch my gude and valiant lord "Ly stretcht on the cauld clay? "My fons the dethe may ablins spair "To wreak their sister's wae." Sae did she crune wi' heavy cheir, Hyt luiked, and bleirit eyne; Then teirs first wet his manly cheik And fnowy baird bedeene.

"Nae riever here, my dame sae deir, "But your leil lord you see;

[&]quot;May hiest harm betide his life
"Wha brocht sic harm on thee!

[&]quot;Gin anes ye may believe my word,
"Nor am I us'd to lie,
"By day-prime he or HARDYKNUTE

[&]quot;The bluidy death shall die.".

The ha', whar late the linkis baicht
Sae gladfum shin'd at een,
Whar penants gleit a gowden bleife
Owr knichts and ladys shene,
Was now sae mirk, that, through the bound,
Nocht mote they wein to see
Alse through the southern port the moon
Let sa' a blinkand glie.

"Are ye in fuith my deir luv'd lord!"
Nae mair she docht to say,
But swounit on his harnest neck
Wi' joy and tender say.
To see her in sie balesn sort,
Revived his selcouth feirs;
But sune she rais'd her comely luit,
And saw his sa'ing tears.

"Ye are nae wont to greit wi' wrench,
"Grit cause ye ha I dreid;

"Hae a' our sons their lives redeam'd"Frae surth the dowie feid?"

"Saif are our valiant fons, ye fee,
"But lack their fifter deir;
"When she's awa', bot any doubt,
"We ha grit cause to feir."

"Of a' our wrangs, and her depart,
"Whan ye the fuith fall heir,
"Na marvel that ye ha mair cause,

"Than ye yit weit, to feir
"O wharefore heir you feignand knicht
"Wi' MORDAG did mafend?

"Ye funer wald ha perced his heart,
"Had ye his ettling kend."

"What may ye mein my peirles dame?
"That knicht did muve my ruthe

"We balefu' mane; I didna doubt "His curtesie and truthe.

"He maun ha tint wi' fma' renown "His life in this fell relief;

"Richt fair it grieves that he heir "Met sic an ill relies."

Quoth she, wi' teirs that down her obeiks Ran like a filver shouir,

"May ill befa' the tide that brocht "That fause knicht to our tour:

"Ken ye na DRAFFAN's lordly port, "Thouch cled in knichtly graith,

"Tho' hidden was his hantie luik, "The vifor black benethe?"

"Now as I am a knicht of weir, "I thocht his seeming trew;

"But, that he sae deceived my ruthe, "Full fairly he fall rue."

"Sir MORDAC to the founding ha" "Came wi' his cative fere;"

"My fire has fent this wounded knicht, "To pruve your kyndlie care.

"Your fell mann watch him a' the day, "Your maids at deid of night;

"And FAIRLY fair his heart maun chair "As she stands in his sicht." Ne funer was Sir MORDAC game,

Than up the featour fprang; "The luve alse o' your dochtir deir, "I feil na ither pang."

"Tho' HARDYKNUTE lord DRAFFAN's fuit

"Refus'd wi' mickle pryde;
"By his gude dame and FAIRLY fair

"Let him not be deny'd."
"Nocht muvit wi' the cative's speech,

"Nor wi' his stern command,

"I treasount cry'd, and KENNETH's blade "Was glifterand in his hand.

"My fon lord DRAFFAN heir you fee "Wha means your lifter's fay

"To win by guile, when HARDYKNUTE "Strives in the irie frae."

"Turn thee! thou riever Baron, turn!" "Bauld KENNETH cry'd aloud;

"But, fune as DRAFFAN spent his glaive,
"My son lay in his bluid."

"I did nocht grein that bluming face "That dethe sae sune sold pale;

"Far less that my trew luve, through me, "Her brither's death fold wail.

"But syne ye sey our force to prive, "Our force we fall ye fhaw!"

"Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen "He tuik frae down the wa'.

"Ere the portculie could be flung, "His kyth the base-court sand;

"When scantly o' their count a teind

"Their entrie might gainstand.
"Richt sune the raging rievers stude
"At their sause master's syde, "Wha, by the haly maiden, fware,

"Na harm fold us betide.

"What fyne befel ye weil may guess,
"Reft to our eilds delicht."

"We fall no lang be reft; by morne "Sall FAIRLY glad your licht.

"Let us be gane, my fons, or now "Our meny chide our stay;

"Fareweil my dame; your dochter's luve "Will fune cheir your effray."

Then pale pale grew her teirfu' cheik; "Let ane o' my fons thrie

"Alane gyde this emprize, your eild "May ill fic travel drie.

"O whar were I, were my deir lord, "And a' my fons, to bleid!

"Better to bruik the wrang than fac "To wreak the hie misdede."

The gallant ROTHSAY rose bedeen

His richt of age to pleid; And THOMAS shaw'd his strenthy speir; And MALCOLM mein'd his speid.

"My fons, your stryfe I gladly see, "But it sall neir be sayne,

"That HARDYKNUTE fat in his ha" . "And heard his fon was flayne,

"My lady deir, ye neid na feir;
"The richt is on our fyde:"
Sane rifing with richt frawart haste
Nae parley wald he byde.
The lady sat in heavy mude,
Their tunefu' march to heir,
While, far ayont her ken, the sound
Na mair mote roun her eir.

O ha ye sein sum glitterand towir,
Wi' mirrie archers crown'd,
Wha vaunt to see their trembling sae
Keipt frae their country's bound?
Sic ausum strength shaw'd IHARDYKNUTE;
Sic seem'd his stately meid;
Sic pryde he to his meny bald,
Sic feir his saes he gied.

Wi' glie they past owr mountains rude,
Owr muirs and mosses weit;
Sune as they saw the rising sun,
On DRAFFAN'S touris it gleit.
OFAIRLY bricht, I marvel sair
That seatour e'er ye lued,
Whase treasoun wrocht your sather's bale,
And shed your brither's blude!

The ward ran to his youthfu' lord,
Wha fleipd his bouir intill:
"Nae time for fleuth, your raging facs
"Far doun the westlin' hill.
"And, by the libbard's gowden low
"In his blue banner braid,
"That HARDYKNUTE his dochter seiks,
"And DRAFFAN'S dethe, I rede."

"Say to my bands of matchless micht,
"Wha camp law in the dale,
"To busk their arrows for the secht,
"And streitly gird their mail.
"Syne meit me here, and wein to find
"Nae just or turney play;
"Whan HARDYKNUTE braids to the field,
"War bruiks ne lank delay."

His halbrik bright he brac'd bedeen;
Fra ilka skaith and harm,
Securit by a warlike suld
Wi' mony a fairy charm.
A feimly knicht cam to the ha':
"Lord DRAFFAN I thee braive,
"Frae HARDYKNUTE my worthy lord,
"To fecht wi' speir or glaive."

"Your hautie lord me braves in vain
"Alane his might to prive,
"For wha, in fingle feat of weir,
"Wi' HARDYKNUTE may strive?"
"But fith he meins our strength to fey
"On case he sune will find,
"That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,
"In force they're far behind.

"Yet cold I wete that he wald yield
"To what bruiks nae remeid,
"I for his dochter wald nae hain
"To ae half o' my steid."
Sad HARDYKNUTE apart frae a'
Leand on his birnist speir;
And, whan he on his FAIRLY deim'd,
He spar'd nae sich nor teir.

"What meins the felon cative vile?
"Bruiks this reif na remeid?
"I fcorn his gylefu vows, ein though
"They recht to a' his fteid."
Bound was lord DRAFFAN for the fecht,
When lo! his FAIRLY deir
Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha'
Wi' a' the speid of feir.

Ein as the rudie star of morne
Peirs throuch a cloud of dew,
Sae did she seim, as round his neck
Her snawy arms she threw.
"O why, O why, did FAIRLY wair
"On thee her thouchtless luve?
"Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
"Her father's dethe to pruve!"

And first he kiss'd her bluming cheik,
And syne her bosom deir;
Than sadly strade athwart the ha',
And drap'd ae tendir teir.
"My meiny hide my words wi' care,
"Gin ony weit to slay
"Lord HARDYKNUTE, by hevin I swear

"Wi' lyfe he fall nae gae."

"I little trewd yestrene,
"I little trewd yestrene,
"To rise frae bonny DRAFFAN's bed
"His bluidy dethe to sene."
Syne up to the high baconie
She has gane wi's her train,
And sune she saw her stalwart lord
Attain the bleising plain.

Owr Neithan's weily fareim he far'd Wi' feeming ire and pride; His blafon, glifterand owr his helm, Bare A L L A N by his fyde. Richt fune the bugils blew, and lang And bludy was the fray; Eir hour of mune, that chric tyde, Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bright at deid of night,
The michty chief muv'd on;
His basnet bleising to the sun,
Wi' deidly lichtning shone.
DRAFFAN he socht, wi' him at anes
To end the cruel stryse;
But aye his speirmen thrangin' round
Forsend their leider's lyse.

The winding Clyde wi' valiant bluid
Ran reiking mony a mile;
Few stood the faught, yet dethe alane
Cold end their irie toil.
"Wha slie, I vow, fall frae my speir
"Receive the dethe they dreid!"
Cry'd DEAFFAN, as alang the plain
He spurr'd his bluid-med sheid.

Up to him sune a knight gan prance,
A' graith'd in silver mail:
"Lang have I sought thee through the field,
"This lance will tell my tale!"
Rude was the fray, till DRAFFAN'S skill
O'ercame his youthfu' micht;
Perc'd through the visor to the eie
Was slayne the comely knicht.

The vifor on the speir was dest,
And DRAFFAN MALCOLM speid;
"Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
"And not your strength, ha sey'd."
"Cative, awa ye maun na slie,"
Stout ROTHSAY cry'd bedeen,
"Till, frae my glaive, ye wi'ye beir
"The wound ye sein'd yestrene."

"Mair o' your kin's bluid ha I spilt
"Than I docht ever grein;
"See ROTHSAY whar your brither lyes
"In dethe afore your eyne."
Bold ROTHSAY cry'd wi' lion's rage,
"O hatesu', cursed deid!
"Sae DRAFFAN seiks our sister's luve,
"Nor seirs sar ither meid!"

Swith on the word an arrow cam
Frae ane o' ROTHSAY'S band,
And smote on DRAFFAN'S listed targe;
Syne ROTHSAY'S splent it fand.
Perc'd through the knie to his sierce steid,
Wha pranc'd wi' egre pain,
The chief was forc'd to quit the stryse,
And seik the nether plain.

His minstrals there wi' dolefu' care
The bludy shast withdrew;
But that he sae was barr'd the fight,
Sair did the leider rue.
"Cheir ye, my mirrie men," DRAFFAN cry'd
Wi' meikle pryde and glie;
"The praise is ours; nae chiestan bides
"Wi' us to bate the grie."

That hauty boast heard HARDYKNUTE, Whar he lein'd on his speir, Sae weiried wi' the nune tide heat, And toilsum deids of weir. The first sicht, when he past the thrang, Was MALCOLM on the swaird; "Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane, "And thy youtheid had spar'd!

"DRAFFAN, I ken thy ire, but now
"Thy micht I mein to see."
But eir he strak the deidly dint,
Thy syre was on his knie.
"Lord HARDYKNUTE, stryke gif ye may,
"I neir will stryve wi' thee;
"Forsend your dochter see you slayne
"Frae whar she sits on hie!

"Yestrene the priest in haly band
"Me join'd wi' FAIRLY deir;
"For her sake let us part in peace,
"And neir meet mair in weir."
"Oh KING OF HEVIN, what seimly speech
"A seatours lips can send!
"And art thou he wha baith my sons
"Brocht to a bluidy end?

"Hase, mount thy steid, or I sall licht,
"And meit thee on the plain;
"For by my sorbere's saul, we neir
"Sall part till ane be slayne."
"Now mind thy aith," syne DRAFFAN stout
To ALLAN loudly cry'd,
Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid,
And perc'd his master's syde.

Law to the bleiding eard he fell,
And dethe fune clos'd his ein.

"DRAFFAN, till now, I did na ken
"Thy dethe cold muve my tein.
"I wold to CHRYSTE, thou valiant youth,
"Thou wert in life again;
"May ill befa' my ruthless wrauth
"That brocht thee to sic pain!

"FAIRLY, anes a' my joy and pryde,

"Now a' my grief and bale,
"Ye maun wi' haly maidens byde
"Your deidly faut to wail.

"To Icolm beir ye DRAFFAN'S corfe,
"And dochter anes fae deir,

"Whar she may pay his beidles luve "Wi mony a mournfu' teir."

Binnorie.

(1-82.)

To preferve the tone as well as the fense of this Ballad, the burden should be repeated through the whole, though it is here omitted for the sake of conciseness.

THERE were twa fifters liv'd in a bouir;
Binnorie, O binnorie!

Their father was a baron of pouir,

Twa days were gane whan to her deir

By the bonny mildams of Binnorie. The youngest was meek, and fair as the May, Whan she springs in the East wi' the gowden day! The eldest austern as the winter cauld, Ferce was her faul, and her feiming was bald. A gallant squire cam sweet ISABEL to wooe; Her fister had naething to luve I true; But fill'd was she wi' dolour and ire, To fee that to her the comelie fquire Preferr'd the debonair ISABEL: Their hevin of luve of spyte was her hell, Till ae ein she to her sister gan say, "Sweet fister, cum let us wauk and play." They wauked up, and they wauked down, Sweit fang the birdis in the vallie loun! Whan they came to the roaring lin, She drave unwitting I SABEL in. "O fister! fister! tak my hand, "And ye fall hae my silver fan; "O sister! sister! tak my middle, "And ye fall hae my gowden girdle." Sumtimes the fank, funtimes the fwam, Till she cam to the miller's dam: The miller's dochter was out that ein, And faw her rowing down the streim. "O sather deir! in your mill dam "There is either a lady or a milk white fwan!"

Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appeir: "My luve, my deir, how can you sleip, "Whan your ISABEL lyes in the deip? "My deir, how can you sleip, bot pain, "Whan she by her cruel sister is slain?" Upraise he sune in frichtsu mude, "Busk ye, my meiny, and seik the slude." They socht her up and they socht her doun, And fpy'd at last her glisterin' gown: They rais'd her wi' richt meikle care; Pale was her cheik, and grein was her hair! "Gae, saddle to me my swiftest steid, "Her fere, by my fae, for her death fall bleid." A page cam rinning out owr the lie, "O heavie tiding I bring!" quoth he, " My luvely lady is far awa gane, "We weit the fairy hae her tane; "Her fifter gaed wood wi' dule and rage, "Nocht cold we do her mind to suage. "O ISABEL! my fifter!" fhe wold cry,
"For thee will I weip, for thee will I die!" "Till late yestreen in an elric hour "She lap srae ast the hichest touir." "Now sleip she in peace!" quoth the gallant squire, "Her dethe was the maist that I cold require; "But I'll main for thee my ISABEL deir, " Binnorie, O Binnorie! "Full mony a dreiry day, bot weir,
"By the bonny mildams of Binnorie."

The Death of MENTEITH.

(1-84.)

SHRILLY fhriek'd the raging wind, And rudely blew the blaft; Wi' awfum blink, through the dark ha', The speidy lichtning past.

"O hear ye nae, frae mid the loch, "Arife a deidly grane?

"Sae ever does the spirit warn,
"Whan we sum dethe maun mane.

"I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
"Ye are nae sase wi' me:

"What wae wald fill my heart gin ye
"Sold in my Castle die!"

"Ye neid nae feir, my leman deir,
"I'm ay fafe when wi' thee;
"And gin I maun nae wi' thee live,
"I here wad wish to die."

His man cam rinning to the ha'
Wi' wallow cheik belyve:
"Sir John Mentelth, your faces are neir,
"And ye maun flie or strive."

"What count fyne leads the cruel knicht?"
"Thrie speirmen to your ane;
"I red ye slie, my maister deir,
"Wi' speid, or ye'll be slain."

"Tak ye this gown, my deir Sir JOHN,
"To hyde your shyning mail:
"A boat waits at the hinder port
"Owr the braid loch to fail."

"O whatten a piteous shriek was you "That sough'd upo' my eir?" "Nae piteous shriek I trow, ladie, "But the rough blast, ye heir."

"They focht the castle, till the morn,
"When they were bown to gae,
"They saw the boat turn'd on the loch,
"Sir John's corse on the brae.

The Braes of Yarrow. By Mr. LOGAN. (1—116.)

"THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
"When first on them I met my lover,
"Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
"When now thy waves his body cover!
"For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
"Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
"For never on thy banks shall I
"Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promis'd me a milk white steed, "To bear me to his father's bowers;

"He promised me a little page,
"To squire me to his father's tow'rs;

"He promised me a wedding-ring,—
"The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
"Now he is wedded to his grave,

"Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow.

"Sweet were his words when last we met;

"My passion I as freely told him!" Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought "That I should never more behold him!

"Scarce was he gone, I faw his ghost;
"It vanish'd with a shriek of forrow; "Thrice did the water wraith afcend,

"And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,

"With all the longing of a mother;

"His little fifter weeping walk'd
"The green wood path to meet her brother: "They fought him east, they fought him west,
"They fought him all the forest thorough;

"They only faw the cloud of night, "They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

"No longer from thy window look, "Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!

"No longer walk, thou lovely maid! "Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

"No longer feek him east or west,
And fearch no more the forest thorough:

"For wandering in the night so dark, "He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear did never leave her cheek, "No other youth shall be my marrow; "I'll seek thy body in the stream,

"And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."

The tear did never leave her cheek, No other youth became her marrow; She found his body in the stream, And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

The CHILD OF ELLE

(1-118.)

O N yonder hill a castle stands,
Wi' walles and towres bedight;
And yonder lives the CHILD OF ELLE,
A younge and comely knighte.

The CHILD OF ELLE to his garden went, And stood at his garden pale, Whan low, he beheld fair EMMELINE's page, Come tripping down the dale.

The CHILD OF ELLE he hy'd him thence, Y—wis he stoode not stille, And soon he mette sair EMMELINE's page Come climbing up the hille.

Now CHRISTE thee fave, thou little foot page, Now CHRISTE thee fave and fee; Oh tell me how does thy lady gaye, And what may thy tidings be?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly sende
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe, Bedewde with many a teare; And bids thee sometimes think on her Who loved thee so deare.

And here the fends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou may'st have;
And biddes thee weare it for her sake
Whan the is laid in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new love
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight, Sir John of the north countraye, And within three days she must him wedde, Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Now hye thee back, thou little foot page, And greet thy ladye from mee. And tell her that I, her owne true love, Will dye or fette her free.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page, And let thy fair ladye know This night will I be at her bowre-windowe, Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripp'd, the boye he raune, He neither stint na stay'd, Untill he came to fair EMMELINE's bowre, Whan kneeling downe he fayd;

O ladye! I've been wi' thy own true love, And he greets thee well by mee; This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe, And die or fett thee free.

Now day was gone and night was come And all were fast asseep: All save the lady EMMELINE, Who sat in her bowre to weepe.

And fune she heard her true love's voice, Lowe whispering at the walle; Awake, awake, my dear ladye, 'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my lady deare, Come mount this fair palfrye; This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe, I'll carry thee hence awaye.

Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knicht, Now naye, this maye not bee; For aye should I tine my maiden fame, If alone I should wend wi'thee.

O ladye! thou with a knicht fo true Mayst safely wend alone; To my lady mother I will thee bring, Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde
"Of lynage proud and hye;
"And what would he say if his daughter
"Away with a knight should fly?

"Ah well I wot he nevir would rest,
"Nor his meate should do him no goode,
"Till he had slayne thee, CHILDE OF ELLE,
"And seene thy deare heart's bloode."

O! lady, wert thou in thy faddle fet, And a little fpace him fro, I would not care for thy cruel father, Nor the worst that he could doe.

O! lady, wert thou in thy faddle fet, And once without this walle, I would not care for thy cruel father, Nor the worst that might befalle.

Fair EMMELINE sigh'd, fair EMMELINE wept, And aye her heart was woe, At lengthe he seizde her lilly-white hand, And downe the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he clasped her to his breste, And kist her tenderlie; The tears that sell from her sair eyes Ranne like the sountayne free.

He mounted himselse on his steede so talle, And her on a fair palsraye, And slung his bugle about his necke, And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this behearde her own damfelle, In her bed whereas she lay; Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this, So I shall have gold and see. Awake, awake, thou baron bold!

Awake, my noble dame!

Your daughter is fled wi' the CHILD OF ELLE,

To doe the deed of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And callde his merry men all;
"And come thou forth, Sir JOHN the Knighte,
"The ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair E M M E L I N E scant had ridden a mile, A mile forth of the towne, When she was aware of her father's men Come galloping over the downe.

And formost came the carlish knight, Sir JOHN of the north countraye, "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou sale traitour, "Nor carry that lady awaye.

"For she is come of high lynage,
"And was of a lady born;
"And ill it beseems thee, a false churle's sonne,
"To carry her hence to scorne."

Now loud thou lyest, Sir JOHN the Knight, Nowe thou doest lye of me; A knight me gott, and a ladye me bore, So never did none by thee.

But light nowe doune, my lady faire, Light down and hold my steed, While I and this discourteous knighte Do try this arduous deede.

Fair EMMELINE figh'd, fair EMMELINE weept, And aye her heart was woe; While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight Past many a baleful blow.

The CHILD OF ELLE he fought foe well, As his weapon he wavde amain, That foone he had flaine the carlish knight, And lavd him upon the playne.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye,
Ah! what may ladye EMMELINE don?
'Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth And blew both loud and shrill, And soone he sawe his owne merry men Come ryding o'er the hill.

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron, I pray thee hold thy hand; Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day.
But with fuch love as holy kirke
Hath freelye faid wee may.

O give confent she may be mine, And blesse a faithful pare; My lands and livings are not small My house and lynage saire.

My mother she was an erle's daughter, And a noble knight my sire— The baron he frownde, and turn'd away, With meikle dole and ire.

Fair EMMELINE figh'd, fair EMMELINE wept, And did all trembling fland; At lengthe she sprang upon her knee; And held his listed hand.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
This fair young knight and mee;
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had sled from thee.

Oft have you call'd your EMMELINE
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your EMMELINE destroye.

The baron he stroak'd his dark-broun checke, And turn'd his head afyde, To wipe away the starting teare He proudly strave to hyde.

In deep revolving thought he stoode, And mus'd a little space; Then rais'd fair E M M E L I N E from the grounde, With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, CHILD OF ELLE, he sayd; And gave her lillye hand: Here take my deare and only child, And wi' her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd In dayes of youthful pride; Do thou the injury repayre In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare Heaven prosper thee and thine; And now my bleffing wend wi' thee, My lovely EMMELINE.

Lord LIVINGSTON.

(1-132.)

"GRAITH my swistest steid," faid LIVINGSTON, "But nane of ye gae wi' me;
"For I maun awa by mysel alane

"To the foot of the grenewode tree."

Up spak his dame wi' meikle speid: "My lord I red ye bide; "I dreim'd a dreiry dreim last nicht; "Nae gude sall you betide."

"What fret is this, my lady deir, "That wald my will gainstand?" "I dreim'd that I gaed to my bouir dore, "And a deid man tuke my hand."

"Suith dreims are scant," said the proud baron, And leuch wi' jearing glie;

And leuch wi' jearing glie;
"But for this sweit kiss my winsum dame
"Neist time dreim better o' me.

"For I hecht to meit with lord ROTHMAR,
"To chase the fallow deer;

"And speid we weil, by the hour o' nune,
"We sall return bot feir."

Frae his fair lady's sicht he strave
His ettling sae to hide;
But frae the grenewode he came nae back,
Sin eir that deidly tide.

For ROTHMAR met him there bot fail, And bluidy was the strife; Lang eir the nunetide mess was rung, They baith were twin'd o' life.

"Forgie, forgie me, LIVINGSTON!
"That I lichtly fet by your dame;
"For furely in a' the warld lives not
"A lady mair free frae blame.

"Accurfed be my lawles luve
"That wrocht us baith fic tein!
"As I forgie my friend anes deir,
"Sae may I be forgien.

"Thouch ye my counseil sold ha tane
"The gate of gyle to eschew!
"Yet may my saul receive sic grace
"As I now gie to you."

The lady in her mournfu' bouir
Sat wi' richt heavy cheir.

In ilka fough that the laigh wind gied,
She weind her deir lord to heir.

When the fun gaed down and mirk nicht came,
O teirfu' were her eyne!
"I feir, I feir, it was na for nocht
My dreims were fae dowie yestreene!"

Lang was the nicht; but whan the morn cam, She said to her menzie ilk ane; "Haste, saddle your steids, and seik the grenewode, "For I seir my deir lord is slain."

Richt sune they fand their lord and ROTHMAR Deid in ilk ither's arm:
"I guess, my deir lord, that luve of my name
"Alane brocht thee to sic harm.

"Neir will I forget thy seimly meid,
"Nor yet thy gentle luve;
"For sevin lang yeirs my weids of black
"That I luv'd thee as weil sall pruve."

Johnny's Gray Breeks.

(1-228.)

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year,
I was baith blythe and bonny, O;
The lads lu'd me baith far and near,
But I lu'd nane but JOHNNY, O.
He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
He spak sae blythe and kindly, O;
And I made him new gray breeks
That sitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow—
His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee;
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And sace so fair and ruddy, O;
And, then, a-day, his grey breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are thread-bare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed like and torn
And clouted fair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a summer's day,
As I have had right mony, O,
I'll mak a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my JOHNNY, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better gin I had to gi'e,
And I'll tak pains upon them,
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.
To clad him weel shall be my care,
And please him a' my study, O;
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

To the Tune of I'll never leave thee.

(1-252.)

OH spare that dreadful thought, If I should leave thee!

May I all pleasure leave,
Lass, when I leave thee!

Leave thee, leave thee!

How can I leave thee?

May I all pleasure leave,
Lass, when I leave thee!

By all the joys of love I'll never leave thee. May I all pleasure leave, Lass, when I leave thee! Leave thee, leave thee! How can I leave thee? May I all pleasure leave, Lass when I leave thee!

Rondel of Lufe.

(1-253.)

4

L O quhat it is to lufe.

Lern ye that lift to prufe;
Be me, I fay, that no ways may
The grund of grief remufe:
Bot ftill decay both nicht and day.
Lo quhat it is to lufe!

Luse is ane servent fyre Kendillet with desyre; Short plesour, lang displesour, Repentance is the hyre; Ane puir tresour without messour. Luse is ane servent syre.

To lufe and to be wyifs;
To rege with gude advyifs;
Now thus, now than, fo goes the game;
Incertaine is the dyifs.
Thair is no man, I fay, that can
Both lufe and to be wyifs.

Fle alwayis frome the fnair: Lerne at me to beware. It is ane pane, and double trane, Of endless woe and cair. For to refrane that danger plane, Fle alwayis frome the snair.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

(1-254.)

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,
That tied my hair sae yellow:
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;
He was a gallant sellow.

And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel, the plaiden;
The lasse less her silken snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een fac bonny blue, Sae lily white my fkin O, And fyne he prie'd my bonny mow, And fwore it was nae fin O. And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
His ain true love forsaken,
Which gars me fair to greet the snood
I lost amang the bracken.
And twine it weel, &c.

Auld ROBIN GRAY.*

(1-255.)

When the sheep are in the sauld and the kye at hame, And a' the weary warld to rest are gane; The waes of my heart sa' in show'rs frae my ee, While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young JAMIE loo'd me weel, and he fought me for his bride, But faving a crown, he had naething belide; To mak' the crown a poun' my JAMIE gaid to fea, And the crown and the poun' were baith for me.

He had na been away a twelmonth and a day When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun away; My sather brak' his arm, and my JAMIE at the sea, And auld ROBIN GRAY came a courting me.

My heart it faid na, and I look'd for JAMIE back; But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wrack. The ship it was a wrack, why didna' JENNY dee? O why was she spar'd to cry, wae's me?

My father coudna' work, and my mither doughtna' spin; I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win; Auld ROB maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his ee, Said, JENNY, for their sakes, oh marry me.

My father argued fair; and my mither didna speak, But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break; Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was on the sea; And auld ROBIN GRAY was gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four, When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door, I saw my JAMIE'S wraith, for I coudna' think it he, Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet; and little did we fay; We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away. I wish I were dead; but I'm nae like to die; How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me?

* This fong is given by HERD; but the versions are fo different, that the above is given in full, for comparison.

I gang like a ghaist, and I downa' think to spin; I darena' think on JAMIE; for that would be a sin; But I'll e'en do my best a gude wise to be, For auld ROBIN GRAY is ay kind to me.

Fair HELEN.

(1-257.)

I WISH I were where HELEN lies, Who night and day upon me cries, Who night and day upon me cries; I wish I were where HELEN lies, On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

O HELEN fair, O HELEN chaste, If I were with the, I were bleft; Where low thou lieft, and at reft, Oh! were I with thee, I'd be bleft, On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green, And winding sheet put o'er my een, And winding sheet put o'er my een; I wish my grave were growing green, On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

Wae to the heart that fram'd the thought, And curst the hand that fir'd the shot, And curst the hand that fir'd the shot, When in my arms my HELEN dropt, And died for love of me.

LEANDER on the Bay.

(1-258)

LEANDER on the Bay Of Hellespont all naked stood, Impatient of delay,
He leapt into the fatal flood, The raging seas, Whom none can please,

'Gainst him their malice show;
The heav'ns lowr'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his sate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and skies!
Ye stormy winds and angry main!
What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved HERO lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, no:
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sunk the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid;
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove:
O sate! said she,
Nor heav'n, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but sall
By my Lean Der's side.

At length the rifing fun
Did to her fight reveal, too late,
That HERO was undone;
Not by LEANDER'S fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her wearied arms to swim:
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side:
When, join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Blackford Hill.

(1-260.)

THE man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to the Blackford Hill;
And wander there among the craigs,
Or down afide the rill;
That murmuring through the pebbles plays,
And banks whar daifies spring;
While, fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

The lintie the sharp treble sounds;
The laverock tenor plays;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn base.
Sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
Till a' the valley rings:
While odorous scents the westlin wind
Frae thousand wild slowers brings.

The Hermitage aside the burn
In shady covert lyes,
Frae Pride and Folly's noisy rounds
Fit resuge for the wise;
Wha there may study as they list,
And pleasures taste at will,
Yet never leave the varied bounds
Of bonny Blackford Hill.

MARY'S Dream.

(1 - 344)

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her silver light on tow'r and tree. When MARY laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on SANDY far at sea; When soft and low a voice was heard, Say, "MARY, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd Her head to ask, who there might be? She saw young SANDY shiv'ring stand, With visage pale and hollow eye; "OMARY dear, cold is my clay, "It lies beneath a stormy sea, "Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, "So, MARY, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
"We toss'd upon the raging main;
"And long we strove our bark to save,
"But all our striving was in vain.
"Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
"My heart was fill'd with love for thee:

"The storm is past and I at rest,
"So, MARY, weep no more for me.

"O maiden dear, thyfelf prepare,
"We foon shall meet upon that shore,
"Where love is free from doubt and care,
"And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow sled,
No more of SANDY could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet MARY, weep no more for me!"

The Lammy.

(2-2.)

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY?
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY?
I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing just come frae her Mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy TAMMY? I gat her down in yonder how Smiling on a broomy know, Herding ae wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What faid ye to the bonny bairn, my boy TAMMY?

I praised her een sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;
I pree'd it ast, as ye may trou—she said she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart, "my young, my fmiling Lammy!

"I hae a house, it cost me dear, "I've walth o' plenishan and gear;

"Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

The smile gaed aff her bonny face, "I manna leave my Mammy;

"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise, "She's been my comfort a' my days.

"My father's death brought mony waes — I canna leave my Mammy."

"We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy!

"We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claise, "We'll be her comfort a' her days;"—

The wee thing gi'es her hand, and fays, "There, gang and ask my Mammy."

Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy TAMMY?

She has been to kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her e'e,—

But, oh! she's but a young thing, just come frae her Mammy.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

(2-42.)

UP amang you clifty rocks,
Sweetly rings the rifing echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark! fhe fings, "Young SANDY's kind,
"An' he's promis'd aye to loo me;
"Here's a brotch, I ne'er fhall tin'd
"Till he's fairly marry'd to me.
"Drive away, ye drone, Time,
"And bring about our Bridal day.

"SANDY herds a flock o' sheep;
"As'en does he blaw the whistle
"In a strain sae saftly sweet,
"Lammies list'ning, darena bleat,
"He's as sleet's the mountain roe,
"Hardy as the highland heather,
"Wading thro' the winter snow,
"Keeping ay his slock together.
"But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,

"He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

- "Brawly he can dance and fing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring.
 "Wightly can he weild a rung;
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
- "Sangs that fing o' SANDY
 "Come fhort, tho' they were e're so lang."

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

(2-43.)

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she loo'd me best of ony,
But, oh, the fickle faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl and lest her JOHNNIE.

O, she was a canty quean,
Weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch.
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae sair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's forever lest her JOHNY.
ROY'S wise, &c.

(2-44.)

HER sheep had in clusters kept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And PHILIS herself in a woodbine alcove,
Amang the fresh violets lay:
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dame,
('Twixt CUPID and HYMEN a plot),
That CORYDON might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods! if so killing," he cry'd, "when she sleeps,
"I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,

"I'll onwards my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honest CORY DON strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep!
"(He cry'd) you're too loud on the spray;

"Don't you fee, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep!

"You'll wake her as fure as 'tis day:

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
"Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;

"I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
"My boldness would break her repose."

Young PHILLIS look'd up with a languishing smile:
"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
"I laid myself down just to rest me a while;
"But, trust me, have still been awake."
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himself close by her side;
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

(2-45.

AS o'er the mountain's graffy fide

Brave Fingal chas'd the flying deer,

One at the tomb of Rino dy'd;

The hero paused, and wip'd a tear.

He lean'd upon the moss-grown stone:
"Once formost in the chase," he said;
"Thy sports are ended now, my son!
"At rest, in the dark house thou'rt laid.

"Now when the enliv'ning shell goes round,
"Amongst the brave in CROMLA'S hall,
"My boy shall there no more be found,
"Nor answer his old father's call!

"Thy conquests all, alas! are o'er:
"No more thou'lt face the haughty foe;
"Nor, when he slies, pursue him more:
"The strong limb'd warrior is laid low.

"Thy stone, soon hid amongst the grass,
"(Ev'n as the grass remembrance dies),
"The seeble careless o'er shall pass,
"Nor know that there the mighty lies."

The hero spoke—and, with a sigh,
Retiring, mourn'd the hapless brave;
Who like the mean inglorious lie,
No more remember'd in the grave.

The Lee Rigg.

(2-47.)

W I L L ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, My ain kind deary, O! And cuddle there sae kindly Wi' me, my kind deary, O?

At thornie-dike and birken-tree We'll daff, and ne'er be weary, O; They'll scug ill een frae you and me, My ain kind deary, O. Nae herds wi' kent or colly there, Shall ever come to fear ye, O; But lav'rocks, whiftling in the air, Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes, And toil for warld's gear, my jo, Upon the lee my pleasure grows, Wi' you, my kind dearie, O!

JOHN of Badenyon.

(2-52.)

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And sain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and ev'rywhere,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor sear of want,
But rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might have past
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went;
And when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
With JOHN of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, A mistress I must find; For love, they fay, gives one an air, And ev'n improves the mind: On PHILIS fair, above the rest, Kind fortune fix'd my eyes; Her piercing beauty struck my heart, And she became my choice: To CUPID then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow, And danc'd and fung, and figh'd and swore, As other lovers do: But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone; I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe To JOHN of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd With foolish hopes and vain, To friendship's port I steer'd my course, And laugh'd at lovers' pain: A friend I got by lucky chance, 'Twas fomething like divine; An honest friend's a precious gift, And fuch a gift was mine. And now, whatever might betide, A happy man was I; In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply: A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, He laughed and spurned my moan; I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myfelf With JOHN of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while, Still hoping to fucceed: I pitched on books for company, And gravely tried to read; I bought and borrowed everywhere, And studied night and day; Nor missed what dean or doctor wrote, That happen'd in my way. Philosophy I now esteem'd The ornament of youth, And carefully through many a page, I hunted after truth: A thousand various schemes I try'd, And yet was pleafed with none; I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe To JOHN of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, everywhere,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name;
For friendship, love, and learning deep,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advised, and warning take,
From such a man as me;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where:
Then do as I have done;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With JOHN of Badenyon.

Twas within a Mile of Edinburgh.

(2-55.)

'T W A S within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rofy time of the year,
When the flowers were bloom'd, and grafs was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonny Jocky blyth and gay,
Kis'd sweet Jenny making hay;
The lasse blush'd, and frowning said,
No, no, it wonnot do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, maunot buckle too.

O JOCKY was a wag, that never wou'd wed,
Though long he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she work'd, and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny JOCKY blyth and gay,
Won her heart right merrily,
But still she blush'd, and frowning said,
I cannot, &c.

But when that he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Though his herds and his flocks were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kifs befides,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonny JOCKY blyth and gay,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she no more frowning said,
I cannot, &c.

LEWIS GORDON.

(2-57.)

O! SEND LEWIS GORDON hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'!
Oh, hon, my Highland man!
Oh, my bonny Highland man!
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Amang ten thoufand Highlandmen.

O to fee his tartan trews, Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes, Phillabeg aboon his knee! That's the lad I'll gang wi'. Oh, hon, &c.

The princely youth that I do mean Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star:
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon, &c.

O, to fee this princely one Seated on his father's throne! Difasters a' wou'd disappear: Then begins the jub'lee here! O hon, &c.

The wee thing, or MARY of Castle Cary.

(2-58.)

- "SAW ye my wee thing? faw ye my ain thing?
 "Saw ye my true love down on you lea?
- "Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 "Sought she the burnie, whar slowers the haw tree.
- "Her hair it is lint white! her skin it is milk white!
 "Dark is the blue of her saft rolling ee!
- "Red, red her ripe lips, and fweeter than roses!
 "Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"
- "I faw na your wee thing, I faw na your ain thing, "Nor faw I your true love down by you lea;
- "But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 "Down by the burnie whar flowers the haw tree.
- "Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white, "Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling ee!
- "Red war her ripe lips, and fweeter than roses!"
 Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!"
- "It was na my wee thing! it was na my ain thing!
 "It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
- "Proud is her leil heart, and modest her nature,
 "She never loo'd nae man till ance she loo'd me.
- "Her name it is MARY, she's frac Castle Cary, "Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
- "Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
 "Young braggart! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

- "It was then your MARY, she's frae Castle Cary, It was then your true love I met by the tree!
- "Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 "Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!
- "Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his cheek grew, "Wild flash'd the fire, frae his red rolling ee,
- "Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasts and your scorning, "Desend ye fause traitor; for loudly you lie!"
- "Awa' wi' beguiling," then cried the youth fmiling; Aff went the bonnet; the lintwhite locks flee; The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing, Fair stood the loo'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!
- "Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 "Is it my true love here that I fee?"
- "O JAMIE! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;
 "I'll nevir mair wander, my true love, frae thee."

(2-62.)

THERE dwall'd a man in Aberdeen,
And nowther young nor auld was he,
He never wanted wit at will,
But wi't was ugly as can be.

Mony a lass that had the tocher, Wham the carl focht to join Wi' him to draw the pleuch of wedlock, Did the hatefu' task decline.

Tir'd at last wi' sharp denyals,
Straight he pass'd to sillie MEG;
She had nowther wit nor siller,
Here, thocht he, I sall nae beg.

Save the gow'd o' her fair treffes, Bit o' gowd ne'er had the quene; Nor ither jewels in possession, Than the jewels o' her een.

Bot alike to her was missing
All the gowd that crouns the mynde;
Sense, that jewel o' the bosom,
She could nowthir buy nor synde.

He came, he saw, he overcame;
The silie mayden blush'd consent,
Hamewart as he bent his travel,
Thus he thocht on his intent:

"Tho' this lasse want a noddle,
"I hae wit to mak amends;
"Tho' I'm ugly, yet her bewtie
"In our bairns will serve like enda.

"Our children, I can never doubt it,
"Will comely as their mither be;
"And in wit and prudence furelie
"Thay will coppie after me.

"Sae our race will bear perfection
"Baith in body and in faul;
"Surely a mair happy marriage
"To man's lot docht never fall."

Sae the wicht fou fondlie dremit,
Alack the issue was far ither!
The bairnis were ugly as thair daddie,
And they were foolish as thair mither.

Tullochgorum.

(2-79.)

COME gie's a fang the lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What nonsense is't for solks to chide
For what's been done before them.
Let whig and tory a' agree,
Whig and tory, whig and tory,
Whig and tory a' agree
To drop their whipmegorum.
Let whig and tory a' agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheersu' sing alang wi' me,
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony fumph that keeps up fpite;
In confcience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase Wi' dringing dull Italian lays. I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys For half a hundred score o'm. They're dowsf and dowie at the best, Dowsf and dowie, dowsf and dowie, They're dowsf and dowie at the best, Wi' a' their variorum. They're dowsf and dowie at the best, Their allegros, and a' the rest, They cannot please a Highland taste, Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress Wi' sear of want and double cess. And silly sauls themselves distress. Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae four and sulky sit, Sour and sulky, sour and sulky, sour and sulky, shall we sae four and sulky sit. Like auld philosophorum?

Shall we sae four and sulky sit, Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit, And canna rise to shake a sit. At the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend Each honest-hearted open friend, And calm and quiet be his end, Be a' that's good before him! May peace and plenty be his lot, Peace and plenty, peace and plenty, May peace and plenty be his lot, And dainties a great store o'm! May peace and plenty be his lot, Unstain'd by any vicious plot; And may he never want a great That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and forrow be his chance,
Dole and forrow, dole and forrow;
May dole and forrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him!
May dole and forry be his chance,
And a' the ills that come srae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Bonny Dundee.

(2-91.)

O WHAR did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
O filly blind body, O dinna ye fee,
I gat it frae a young brifk fodger laddie,
Between St. Johnston and bonny Dundee.
O gin I faw the laddie that gae me 't!
Aft has he dandled me upon his knee.
May heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And fend him fafe hame to his babie and me.

My bleffin's upon thy fweet wee lippie!

My bleffin's upon thy bonny e'e brie!

Thy fmiles are fae like my blyth fodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonny banks,

Where Tay rins wimplin' by fae clear;

And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,

And mak' thee a man like thy daddie dear.

(2-92.)

LET's be jovial, fill our glaffes; Madness'tis for us to think, How the world is ruled by asses, And the wise are ruled by chink.

Never let vain care oppress us; Riches are to all a snare. We're every one as rich as CRESUS, While our bottle drowns our care. Wine will make us red as rofes,
Let us all our woes forget;
Let us, fuddling all our nofes,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim Death is looking for us, We are toping at our bowls; Bacchus joins us in the chorus, "Death begone! Here's none but fouls."

Green Grow the Rashes.

(2-82.)

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signisses the life o' man,
An'twere not for the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chace, An' riches still may fly them, O; An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O. Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O, An' warly cares, an' warly men, May a' gae taps alteerie, O! Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseles asses, O; The wifest man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O: Her 'prentice han' she tried on man, And then she made the lasses, O. Green grow, &c.

(2-83.)

I Loo'n ne'er a laddie but ane,
He lo'es ne'er a laffie but me,
He is willing to make me his ain,
And he's ain I'm willing to be.
He has coft me a rockly o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green,
The price was a kiss o' my mou',
And I paid the debt yestreen.

My mither's aye making a fraife,
Saying I'm o'er young to be wed,
But lang e'er she counted my days,
O' me she was brought to bed.
So had your tongue dear mither,
And dinna be slyting sae bauld,
For we can do the thing when we're young,
That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

(2-160.)

CAULD kail in Aberdeen,
And caustics in Strathbogie,
Ilka lad has got his lass,
Then sie gie me my cogie.
Then sie gie me my cogie dish,
I canno' want my cogie,
I wadno' gie a weel sill'd stoup,
For a' the queans o' Bogie.

JONNIE SMITH has got a wife, Wha keeps frae him his cogie; Gin she were mine, upon my life, I'd dook her in the Bogie. Then sie, &c.

Then here's to ilka honest life, Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie, But as for ilka girnin wise, We'll dook her in the Bogie. Then sie, &c.

Mucking of GEORDIE'S Byre.

(2-270.)

A S I went over you meadow,
And carelessly passed along,
I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
While mournfully singing this song.
The mucking of Geord Ie's byar,
And the shooling the gruip sae clean,
Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
And brought the salt tears in my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mither's desire,
That ever I puddl'd my fingers,
Wi' the mucking o' GEORDIE's byar.

The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever fo filthy,
Or the day fo scoury and soul,
I would ay be ganging wi' GEORDIE;
I lik'd it far better than school.

The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily
For being wi' GEORDIE so free,
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.

The mucking, &c.

But well do I like my young GEORDIE,
Altho' he was cunning and slee;
He ca's me his dear and his honcy,
And I'm fure that my GEORDIE loes me.
The mucking, &c.

The mouse is a merry beast,
And the moudiewort wants the een:
But the warld shall ne'er get wit
Sae merry as we hae been.
The mucking, &c.

(2-292.)

I BOUGHT my woman and my wife half a pund of tow,
I think 'twill ferve them a' their life to spin as fast's they dow:
I thought it had been ended when scarce it was begun;
And I believe my wife sall end her life and leave the tow unspun.

54

I looked to my yarn knagg, and it grew never mair; I looked to my meal kift, my heart grew wondrous fair: I looked to my four-milk boat, and it wad never four; For they supped at and slaiked at, and never fpan an hour.

But if your wife and my wife were in a boat thegither, And yon honest man's wife were in to steer the rither, And if the boat were bottomless, and seven mile to row, I think my wife wou'd ne'er come back to spin her pund of tow.

But if e'er I be a widower, as I hope foon to be, I shall never ha'e anither wife till I ken what she can doe. O she maun card, and she maun spin, and milk baith cow and ewe, And skutch and clove and heckle lint and spin a pund of tow.

Tune, O'er the hills and far awa.

Let meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indias for their dress,
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine;
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustre more divine
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawney nymph on fcorching plains,
May use the aids of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
Features of ruder form and taint.
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty drefs may lovers cool;
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, filk, or wool.
T'adore Myrtilla, who can ceafe?
Her active charms our praife demand,
Clad in a mantua from the fleece,
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold CALISTA'S eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, her snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise,
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those the diamond's dull,
Lawns, sattins, and the velvet sade;
The soul with her attractions sull,
Can never be by these betray'd.

SAPPHIRA, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit her character completes,
Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
Th' inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love,
And bless the labour of our looms.
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care;
Yet for these trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recal:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miss a court; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Arround the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to fense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in desence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Bless'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
Till, tir'd of earth, you mount above.

(2-295.)

AS gentle turtle-dove
By cooing shews desire,
As ivies oak do love,
And twining round aspire:
So I my BETTY love,
So I my BETTY woo,
I coo as cooes the dove,
And twine as ivies do.

Her kiss is sweet as spring,
Like June her bosom's warm;
The autumn ne'er did bring,
By half so sweet a charm.
As living sountains do
Their savour ne'er repent,
So BETTY's blessings grow
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave kindred and friends, fweet lady,
Leave kindred and friends for me;
Assured thy servant is steddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune,
May sly, by chance, as they came;
They're grounds the destinies sport on,
But virtue is ever the same.

Although my fancy were roving,
Thy charms fo heavenly appear,
That other beauties difproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear.
And should life's forrows embitter
The pleasure we promise our loves,
To share them together is sitter,
Than moan asunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms!
By thee to be grasped and kissed!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Should fortune capricious prove;
Though death should tear me to pieces,
I die a martyr to love.

(2-297.)

WILL you go and marry, KITTY?

Can you think to take a man?

Tis a pity one fo pretty

Should not do the thing they can.

You a charming lovely creature,

Wherefore would you lie alone?

Beauty's of a fading nature,

Has a feafon to be gone.

Therefore, while your blooming, KATY,
Listen to a loving swain,
Take example by fair BETTY,
Once the darling of the men;
Who, with coy and fickle nature,
Trissed off till she's grown old,
Now she's lest by every creature:
Let not this of thee be told.

But my dear and lovely KITTY,
This one thing I have to tell,
I could wish no man to get you,
Save it were my very sel.
Take me, KITTY, at my offer,
Or be-had and I'll take you;
We's mak' nae din about your tocher;
Marry, KITTY, then we'll woo.

Many words are needless, KITTY,
You do want, and so do I;
If you would a man should get you,
Then I can that want supply:
Say then, KITTY, say you'll take me,
As the very choice of men,
Never after to forsake me,
And the priest shall say Amen.

Then, O! then, my charming KITTY,
When we're married, what comes then?
Then no other man can get you,
But you'll be my very ain:
Then we'll kifs and clap at pleafure,
Nor be troubled at envy:
If once I had my lovely treafure,
Let the rest admire and die.

(2-305.)

THE shepherd ADONIS, being weary'd with sport, He for a retirement to the woods did resort. He threw by his club, and he laid himself down; He envy'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frac the tree; Himself he enjoy'd and frac trouble was free. He wish'd for no nymph, tho' never sao fair; Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus, in an evining fae clear, A heavinly sweet voice founded fast in his ear, Which came frae a shady green neighbouring grove, Where bonny A MYNTA sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way, and found wha was there, He was quite confounded to see her sae fair. He stood like a statue, not a foot could he move, Nor knew he what ail'd him; but he sear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him with a kind modest grace, Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his face. With blushing a little, she to him did say, O shepherd! what want ye? how came ye this way?

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd, I was ne'er sae surpris'd at the sight of a maid. Until I beheld thee, from love I was free; But now I'm ta'en captive, my fairest, by thee.

(2-306.)

SWEET NELLY, my heart's delight,
Be loving and do not flight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake;
I honour your beauty bright.
For, love, I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won.
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree and sancy me,
Though I'm but a farmer's son.

No; I'm a lady gay;
'Tis very well known, I may
Have men of renown, in country or town:
So, ROGER, without delay,
Court BRIDGET, or SUR, KATE, NANCY, PRUE,
Their loves will foon be won.
But dont you dare to speak me fair,
As the I were at my last pray r
To marry a farmer's son.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and ploughs;
His age is above threescore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won,
Both land and kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

A fig for your cattle and corn;
Your proffer'd love I scorn.
'Tis known very well, my name it is NELL,
And you're but a bumpkin born.

Well, fince it is fo, away I will go, And I hope no harm is done. Farewell, adieu. I hope to woo As good as you, and win her too, Tho' I'm but a farmer's fon.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may shill agree:
For, man, I protest, I was but in jest;
Come, prithee, sit down by me;
For thou art the man, that verily can
Perform what must be done;
Both strait and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I shall be at your call,
To marry a farmer's son.

Dear lady believe me now; I folemnly swear and vow, No lords in their lives take pleasure in wives, Like sellows that drive the plough;

For whate'er they gain with labour and pain,
They dont to harlots run,
As courtiers do. I never knew
A London beau, that could outdo
A country farmer's fon.

(2-308.)

H O W blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made JESSY my own?
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray, Around us our boys and girls frolic and play; How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see, And borrow their looks from my JESSY and me.

And borrow their looks, &c.

To try her sweet temper, ost-times am I seen, In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green; Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, And meets me at night with complacence and smiles. And meets me at night, &c.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue, Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through; Time still as he slies, adds increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth. And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare, And cheat with salse vows the too credulous sair; In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam? To hold it for life you must find it at home.

To hold it for life, &c.

SANDY o'er the Lee.

(2-309.)

I WINNA marry ony man but SANDY o'er the lee,
I winna hae the domminec, for gude he canna be,
But I will hae my SANDY lad, my SANDY o'er the lee,
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing,
Aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wylic crooks;
I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will have my SANDY lad without one penny filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the foldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
I will not have the failor lad because he smells o' tar;
I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,
But I will have my SANDY lad, my SANDY o'er the meir.

For hès aye a kissing, &c.

The Country Wedding.

(2-310.)

COM E haste to the wedding ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay:
Forget all your forrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let cv'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.
Ye votaries all attend to my call,
Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come, see rural selicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.
Come, see, &c.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of State.
We boast of no wealth but contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Come, see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure; With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl, Are jocund and gay, but all within measure, For satal excess will enslave the free soul. Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding, No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy.

Come, see, &c.

JOCKEY to the Fair.

(2-311.)

'T W A S on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And guild the meadows fair;
Young JOCKEY early in the morn
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For JENNY had vow'd away to run
With JOCKEY to the fair.
For JENNY had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With slow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds used to wear;
He tapt the window, Haste, my dear;
JENNY, impatient, cry'd, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With JOCKEY to the sair.
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?
I will, by all the pow'rs above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
With JOCKBY to the fair.
Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring! the shepherd cry'd,
Will JENNY be my charming bride?
Let CUPID be our happy guide,
And HYMEN meet us there:
Then JOCKEY did his vows renew,
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true,
His word was pledged, away she flew
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With JOCKEY to the fair.
With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions blithe and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng,
To hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely JENNY ran away
With JOCKEY to the fair.
When lovely JENNY, &c.

Scant of Love, Want of Love.

(2-313.)

THE auld man he courted me,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man he courted me,
Thoughtless as I am.
And I, for the sake of pelf,
Vielded to give myself
To the cauld arms of
The filly auld man.

The auld man did marry me,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man did marry me,
Wanton as I am;
The auld man did marry me,
And home did carry me:
Never, never, while you live,
Wed an auld man.

The auld man and I went to bed,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man and I went to bed,
Handsome as I am:
The auld man and I went to bed,
But he neither did nor said
What brides expect, when laid
By a gudeman.

The auld man foon fell asleep,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man foon fell asleep,
Left me as I am;
The auld man foon fell asleep,
Think you that I would weep?
Na, but I straight did creep
To a young man.

Where I lay all the night,
No scant, no want of love;
Where I lay all the night,
Who so happy then?
Where I lay all the night,
In raptures and delight;
So should all young wives treat
Fumbling auld men.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

(2-315.)

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
Your welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel; John Bull in countra dances; The Spaniards dance fandangos well, Mynheer in all 'mande prances: In fourfome reels the Scots delight,
The threefome maift dance wondrous light;
But twafome ding a' out o' fight,
Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well, Wale each a blythsome rogie; I'll tak this lassie to mysel, She seems so keen and vogie: Now, piper lad, bang up the spring; The countra sashion is the thing, To prie their mous ere we begin

To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass
Save yon auld doited sogie,
And ta'en a sling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie.
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursels to hain;
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best, Like true men of Stra'bogie; We'll stop a while and tak a rest, And tipple out a cogie: Come now, my lads, and tak your glass, And try ilk other to surpass In wishing health to every lass To dance the reel of Bogie.

The Waefu' Heart.

(2-317.)

G I N living worth could win my heart,
You wou'd nae speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.

My wacsu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine:
And oh! what a heart was that to lose;
But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy foon
Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin JAMIE's in his grave.
And fee his gentle fpirit comes
To show me on my way,
Supris'd nae doubt, I still am here,
Saer wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my JAMIE dear, And oh! wi' what gude will I follow, wharfoe'er ye lead, Ye canna lead to ill. She faid, and foon a deadlie pale Her fading cheek possest, Her waesu' heart forgot to beat, Her forrows sunk to rest.

The Ewy wi' the Crooked Horn.

(2-318.)

O WERE I able to rehearse
My ewy's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and sierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
My ewy wi' the crooked Horn,
A' that ken'd her cou'd hae sworn,
Sic a ewe was never born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horny did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'.

My ewy, &c.

She never threaten'd fcab nor rot, But keepit ay her ain jog trot, Baith to the fauld and to the cot, Was never fwier to leid nor ca.'

My evey, &c.

A better or a thriftier beaft
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd;
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

My ewy, &c.

The first she had, I gae to JOCK, To be to him a kind of stock; And now the laddie has a slock Of mair than thirty head and twa.

My ewy, &c.

The neeft I gae to JEAN; and now The bairn's fae bra', has fauld fae fu', That lads fae thick come her to woo, They're fain to sleep on hay or straw. My ewy, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her; Wind or rain could never wrang her; Anes she lay an owk and langer Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw. My eury, &c.

When ither ewies lap the dyke, And ate the kail for a' my tyke. My ewy never play'd the like, But tees'd about the barn wa'. My eury, &c.

I looked ay at even for her, Lest mishanter should come o'er her, Or the sumart might devour her, Gin the beasty bade awa'. My evvy, &c.

Yet last owk for a' my keeping (Wha can tell o't without greeting), A villain came when I was sleeping, Staw my cwie, horn and a'.

My ewie, &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn, And down aneath a bush o' thorn, There I fand her crooked horn; But my ewy was awa'.

My ewy, &c.

But gin I find the loon that did it, I hae fworn as well as faid it, Altho' the laird himfel forbid it, I fall gie his neck a thraw.

My ewy, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn;
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn
Sase steikit up; but 'gain the morn,
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa.

My ewy, &c.

A' the clais that we hae worn
Frae her and hers fae aft was shorn;
The loss o' her he could hae borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.
My ewy, &c.

O had she died o' croup or cauld, As ewies die when they grow auld, It had na been by mony fauld, Sae faer a heart to ane o' us a'. My ewy, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life, Beneath a bloody villain's knife; I troth I fear that our gudewise, Will never get aboon't ava.

My ewy, &c.

O all ye bards ayond Kinghorn, Call up your Muses, let them mourn Our ewy wi' the crooked horn, Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'. My evy, &c.

The Siller Crown.

(2-321.)

A N D ye fall walk in filk attire, And filler hae to spare, Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think o' DONALD mair. Oh!" wha wad buy a silken gown, Wi' a poor broken heart; Or what's to me a siller crown, Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to brack my saith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave DONALD's sate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He, gratefu', took the gift;
Cou'd I but think to feek it back,
It wou'd be war than thift.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forc'd to brack my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

To the Greenwood Gang Wi' me.

(2-322.)

T O speer my love, wi' glances sair,

The woodland laddie came;

He vow'd he wou'd be ay sincere,

And thus he spake his stame:

The morn is blythe, my bonny sair,

As blythe as blythe can be;

To the green wood gang my lasse dear,

To the green wood gang wi' me,

Gang wi' me, gang wi' me,

To the green wood gang my lasse dear,

To the green wood gang my lasse dear,

To the green wood gang wi' me.

The lad wi' love was so oppress'd

I wadna say him nay;

My lips he kis'd, my head he press'd,

While tripping o'er the brae:

Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,
And blythe as blythe can be,
To the green wood gang my laddie dear,
To the green wood gang wi' me.

Gang wi' me, &c.

The bridal day is come to pass,
Sic joy was never seen;
Now I am call'd the woodland lass,
The woodland laddie's queen:
I bless the morn so fresh and fair,
I told my mind so free;
To the green wood gang my laddie dear,
To the green wood gang wi' me.

Gang wi' me, &c.

JOHNNY and MARY.

(2-324.)

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;
JOHNNY lilting, tun'd his reed,
And MARY wip'd her bonny mou';
Dear the loo'd the well-known fong,
While her JOHNNY, blythe and bonny,
Sung her praife the whole day long.
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;
JOHNNY lilting, tun'd his reed,
And MARY wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but sew;
Of rings and jewels nae great store;
Her sace was fair, her love was true,
And JOHNNY wisely wish'd nae more:
Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;
O'er the mountain, near the sountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And JOHNNY cou'd nae these impart;
Youthsu' MARY'S greatest wealth
Was still her saithsu' JOHNNY'S heart:
Sweet the joys the Lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn, &c.

To the Tune of Roy Stuart.

(2-325.)

MY JOCKEY is a bonny lad,
A dainty lad, a merry lad,
A neat, sweet, pretty, little lad,
And just the lad for me.
For when we o'er the meadows stray,
He's aye sae lively, aye sae gay,
And aft right cunning does he say
There's nane he lo'es like me.
And then he sa's a kissing, clapping, hugging,
squeezing, touzling, pressing, winna let me be.

I met my lad t'other day,
Frisking o'er yon field of hay;
Says he, Dear lasse, will you stay,
And crack awhile wi' me?
Na, Jockey lad, I darena stay,
My mither will miss me away,
And then she'll slyte and scold a' day,
And play the deil wi' me.

But Jockey he took had o' me, and sell a
kissing, squeezing, pressing, hugging, teazing,
squeezing, pressing, till baith down sell we.

Hoot, JOCKEY, fee my hair is down;
And look you've torn a' my gown,
And how will I get thro' the town;
Come, JOCKEY, let me be.
He never minded what I faid,
But wi' my neck and bosom play'd;
I intreated, beg'd and pray'd him
Not to touzle me.

But JOCKEY he still continued hugging, &c.

Breathless and fatigu'd I lay,
In his arms amang the hay;
My blood fast thro' my veins did play,
While he was kiffing me.
I thought my strength could never last;
For JOCKEY danc'd maist devilish fast:
And for ony mair that's past,
Deil ane need care but me.

At last he wearied o' his jumping, O' his dancing, o' his prancing; Then consess'd, without romancing, He was sain to let me be.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

And ye fall walk in filk attire,	68
As gentle turtle-dove,	56
As I went over you meadow,	53
(Mucking of Geordie's Byre.)	
As o'er the mountain's graffy fide,	42
Cauld kail in Aberdeen,	52
Come gie's a fang the lady cry'd, (Tullochyorum.)	48
Come haste ye to the wedding ye friends and ye neighbours, (The Country Wedding.)	61
Down the burn and thro' the mead,	70
Gin living worth could win my heart, (The Waefu' Heart.)	65
Graith my swiftest steid, said Livingston,	29
Her sheep had in clusters kept close by the grove,	41
How bleft has my time been, what joys have I known,	60
I bought my woman and my wife half a pund of tow,	53
I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,	52
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,	61
I wish I were where Helen lies,	35
Leander on the Bay,	35
Let meaner beauties use their art,	54
Let's be jovial, fill our glasses,	50
Lithe and listen, gentlemen,	3
Lo quhat it is to lufe,	32
My Jockey is a bonny lad, (Ay kiffing, clapping, hugging.)	71
Oh! I hae loft my filken fnood,	33
Oh spare that dreadful thought,	32
On yonder hill a castle stands,	24
O! fend Lewis Gordon hame,	45
O were I able to rehearfe,	66
(The Ewy wi the Crooked Horn.)	

O whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?	50
Return, return, ye men of bluid,	9
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	40
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?	46
Shrilly thrick'd the raging wind,	21
Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight,	58
The auld man he courted me,	63
(Scant of Love, Want of Love.)	
The man wha lues fair nature's charms,	37
The moon had climb'd the highest hill,	38
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,	64
There's nought but care on ev'ry han'	51
There dwall'd a man in Aberdeen,	47
The shepherd Adonis, being weary'd with sport,	58
There were twa fifters liv'd in a bouir,	20
Thy bracs were bonny, Varrow stream,	22
To speer my love, wi' glances sair,	69
Twas on the morn of fweet May-day,	62
(Jockey to the Fair.)	
Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,	45
Up amang yon clifty rocks,	40
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?	39
When first I came to be a man,	43
Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg,	42
Will you go and marry, Kitty?	57
When I was in my sc'enteenth year,	31
When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,	34



ger blingsin () Rolling tellory COM YOUR CONTRACT े कोश पृथि करें Right Hold Strait you wallasty! The said of the 194 1 2 8 20 1 3 Am TO THE LEWIS THE But there along the The second of the second secon The Lamet 1967 The tallace of the and a second off. र विश्वता स्थापन a salati a different The grand gi 1. E 1.337 y in sister





